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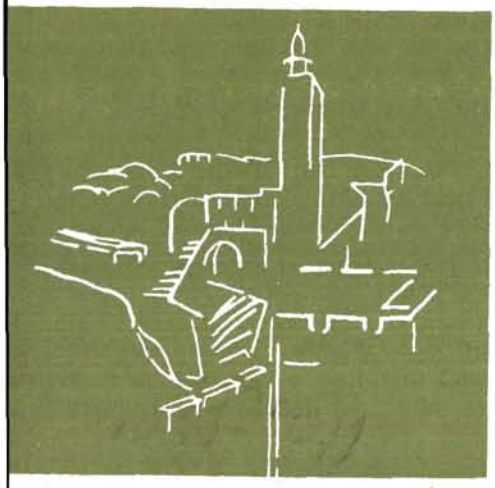

Democracy In Israel

Carl Cohen

ERNEST GRUENING: 1887-1974

CAREY McWILLIAMS
Wayne Morse George McGovern
Walter J. Hickel John Hammond
Frederick S. Jaffe

POPULATION DISPERSAL

Europe Stops the Urban Swarm

James L. Sundquist

Richard Saltonstall, Jr. / 'Maine Pilgrimage'

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LETTERS

hearings on the Panama Canal

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: *The Nation* has rendered a significant service to its reading public in the publication of Stanley Meisler's "The Blacks of Panama" in its June 22nd issue. Mr. Meisler's report is at once comprehensive and disconcerting. It serves as a worthy reminder of the human costs of a grand international endeavor. . . .

The Subcommittee on Panama Canal, which I chair, has . . . scheduled hearings to be held in the Canal Zone in July on the problems of the Latin American communities there. I hope that, following the hearings, the subcommittee will be able to give some attention to legislative and administrative resolution of some of the current problems in the Zone. . . .

Rep. Robert L. Leggett, chairman
Subcommittee on Panama Canal

bread or stone

Columbia, Mo.

DEAR SIRS: In a stimulating article "National Health: Half a Loaf Is in the Offing" [*The Nation*, June 15] George Silver, comparing the Kennedy-Mills and the Nixon Administration health insurance bills, offers judgments preponderantly favoring Kennedy-Mills, yet he perplexingly concludes that, "With either bill, we shall be one step further toward that goal" of an equitable medical-care system. I heartily agree with the evidence, but cannot accept the conclusion. . . .

If the Administration proposals were chosen, the direction of health-care change would be stalemated or turned backward. With Kennedy-Mills (adding amendments to reduce the impact of co-payments and other so-called "cost sharing") the nation can have half a loaf, at least. With the other, a stone.

Thompson R. Fulton, Professor, School of Social Work,
University of Missouri-Columbia

action and being

San Marcos, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: All of us who accept René Muller's insightful assessment of Mr. Nixon's character ["Mask in a Mirror: The Fictional Richard Nixon," *The Nation*, July 6] now need to take the next logical step: The American public, in electing Mr. Nixon to the highest office of this land . . . stands convicted of being, individually and as a whole, of the same psychological make-up as Mr. Nixon—wherein "self" has been absorbed by "persona" and therefore likewise *acting* fictionally instead of *being* reality. . . .

Martha N. Smith

relative ferocity

Bemidji, Minn.

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial, "Deadlier Than?" [*The Nation*, June 29], showed sense in refusing to rejoice over the recent increase in crime committed by females. . . . But Margaret Mead's unscientific and preposterous suggestion that females may easily outdo men in ruthlessness because they have no "built-in chivalry" and "have been accustomed over the centuries to fight only to save their young, so they fight to kill," boggles the mind. Is she talking about the *human* animal or other species? And what shred of evidence is there that the male of the human species is uniquely blessed with some kind of inherited, instinctive or even culturally acquired sense of "chivalry"? . . .

Jean Leighton

The editors welcome letters from readers but regret that space limitations often prevent publication of those of more than 250 words.

EDITORIALS

About As Expected

The Nixon-Brezhnev summit was no spectacular; but neither was it a flop. It was the predetermined outcome of a meeting which could not be allowed to fail, because a continuation of détente suits the current interests of both superpowers. Nor could it culminate in a triumph of diplomacy; that could have been achieved only at the expense of one or the other party, and neither has such an atomic hammerlock on the other as to make it feasible. Hence the terms which have been applied to the outcome: a "wait-and-see" summit; a summit that "never peaked"; a "meager" summit; a "standstill" summit, etc. And, perhaps most denigrating: a "Chevrolet" summit, referring to the fact that this time Nixon gave his auto-buff pal a mere Chevy, instead of a Cadillac as in 1972 or a Lincoln Continental as in 1973.

Predictably, some caption-worthy agreements were signed—housing, heart research, energy problems and such; but the real business of this conference, as it necessarily had to be between such heavily armed antagonists, was weapons. Particularly nuclear weapons, which dominate the strategic scene.

The interim agreement of 1972 expires in 1977, for those clauses referring to offensive nuclear weapons. The parties finally agreed that they would seek to reach an agreement between now and then on new limitations extending until 1985. (George Orwell, who had referred to history as a series of swindles, had pre-empted 1984.)

The reasons no agreement could be reached in 1974 on the cardinal issue include these:

¶Nixon and Kissinger went to Moscow with no agreed-upon Administration position on key issues. Without a consensus, they had to duck a hard-and-fast agreement, even if other considerations had not precluded it.

¶The Soviets are understandably wary of Mr. Nixon. Brezhnev thwarted, at least partially, Nixon's attempt to claim détente as his personal invention. The Soviets prefer to wait and see what Watergate will bring forth.

¶Technology has always outpaced politics and political stability—especially American technology. We have an impressive advantage at the moment but the Soviets will barge ahead with MIRVs and other research; they may start installing new warheads in six months, further upsetting the balance, such as it is. Nor will our innovators be idle.

¶Each side is pressured by its own hawks, in particular generals and admirals who cannot be brushed off easily. Nixon is especially vulnerable and must keep an eye on the conservatives in the Senate, on whom he counts to save his hide if he is impeached.

¶The problem of "symmetry": it is inherently difficult to balance out the respective advantages and disadvantages in the Soviet and American positions. The Soviet nightmare is "current inferiority" and its extension into the future; we of course fear "future inferiority." The Russians want "parity," and we will blow up the world, or at least go to the brink, before letting them have it.

Coming down to successes: the number of ABM sites

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was cut from two to one. That was simple; neither side wanted more than one, what with high cost and doubtful military value.

The agreement on underground tests does not go into effect until March 31, 1976, and then it is nothing to write home about. The 1963 treaty eliminated testing in banned environments, but that led to an acceleration of underground testing. In the decade since atmospheric and other grossly polluting tests were banned, the United States has conducted more than 250 underground tests, compared with about 100 in the USSR.

Under the new treaty, neither superpower will be permitted to explode nuclear devices in excess of 150 kilotons, TNT equivalent. Since the Hiroshima bomb had an energy of only about 15 kilotons, neither side should feel hamstrung. Moreover, Defense Secretary Schlesinger assures those who find safety in testing that both sides will be able to complete all their current testing programs before the new arrangements go into effect. It will therefore be a largely symbolic ban with the nevertheless quite real effect of insuring that a complete ban never gets through Congress—not that the chances of that were very bright.

Summing up, the situation as a whole is not a happy one. With détente tending to weaken anyway, it will be under redoubled pressure. We have only a limited time to get any meaningful agreement before the 1977 expiration. Kissinger is no dove and no miracle worker; but he is above run-of-the-mill Secretaries of State, and his position has been weakened. Senator Jackson is after Kissinger's scalp; Secretary Schlesinger is at odds with him, indicating that Kissinger has alienated powerful factions in the national security establishment, and Nixon, upon whom Kissinger depends for power, remains in peril despite ups and downs, the importance of which tends to be exaggerated.

Kissinger is right when he advocates a general debate on nuclear weapons. But in historical perspective arms races have always proved impossible to stop, except by the classical means, which in this case would spell universal ruin. Between them, the two superpowers have only a few thousand real experts on nuclear weaponry, with far more on the American side than on the Russian. These debaters may know what they are talking about, but will they be able to convey it in understandable terms to the laity? Then there is the problem of secrecy. Perhaps the hearings Senator Fulbright has called will set the stage for a meaningful debate and some conclusions that the voters can understand. Perhaps.

Murder in a Church

The murder of Alberta King, the quiet, gentle, self-effacing mother of Martin Luther King, Jr. in the Ebenezer Baptist Church on Auburn Avenue in Atlanta—the church in which she was baptized, married and her children were christened—is a crime so wretched and diseased that there is no point in condemning it. It was a crime without a motive, unless the itch of a diseased ego for recognition by the media can be said to constitute a motive. In this age of intense publicity and media consciousness there are thousands like young Chenault

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THE NATION

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who would murder a saint—and Mrs. King was probably as close to a saint as this society can produce—if it got them five seconds on network prime time.

In this instance, the young black killer had been persuaded, apparently by a black guru living in Cincinnati, that black ministers are responsible for the oppression of their people, both now and yesterday. At times, perhaps, black ministers have exerted a quietist influence, as Joseph H. Fichter pointed out in a scholarly article in *Daedalus* (Fall 1965), but the civil rights movement changed all that. So the rationale or motive was as absurd and irresponsible as the crime. It is time, as this dreadful act suggests, that we got down to naming some generic evils in this society. There is no point in denouncing biological facts, and race is such a fact. Denouncing racism is another matter. Racism is a certifiable evil when properly defined; that is, using skin color—black, white, yellow, red or brown—to discriminate against, demean, degrade, oppress or humiliate.

But the generic evils are still cruelty, hatred, violence, ignorance, resentment, and the diseased egos produced in a society abysmally short, at the moment, of morals, ethics and national morale. Whites murder blacks, blacks murder whites, blacks murder blacks (a lot of them), and whites murder whites (a lot of them). In this instance a young black man was the killer. Perhaps the color of his skin and that of his victim may provide some slight reason to believe that all of us, black and white, may some day begin to zero in on the generic evils.

Chile's Navy on July Fourth

Portland, Ore.

A chilling twist was given to the Fourth of July in Portland this year when more than 200 people turned out to greet the *Esmeralda*, a four-masted brigantine of the Chilean Navy on a "good-will" tour for the military junta. Portlanders out for a day in the sun, looking every bit as though they were on a tour of Disneyland, cheered as the Chilean sailors performed their maneuvers and played martial music.

About ten of us from assorted Portland peace groups, including the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, began handing out leaflets in a parking lot adjacent to the ship (on U.S. territory). We were immediately challenged by Chilean rightists and members of the ship's crew. Two crewmen chased me, destroyed my leaflets and kicked me. Other people in our group were also being threatened and hassled as I went to look for help. No one in the area would offer any. I asked a U.S. sailor to call the police. He refused. I kept asking him to do something and he finally walked off, saying "Why don't you pay attention to your own government?" Two days earlier a U.S. Navy sailor chauffeuring a junta officer had driven at high speed through one of our picket lines.

Fortunately, a Portland police car arrived on the scene. I told the officers what had happened. As usual they asked *me* for my name and address. Then they told me to go find the people who had kicked me and said they would follow. When I found them, the two Chileans threatened me again and the police were still sitting in their car. Once more, I asked the police for help and this time they came along to confront the Chileans. One of the police officers tried for ten minutes to explain to the Chileans that people have a right in this country to leaflet without being threatened or attacked. He told the Chileans that if they had a different view they could print up their own leaflet and hand it out. The Chileans were furious and they had supporters in the crowd, making me wonder for a few minutes whether the two police and I might be attacked by the junta's sailors.

The *Esmeralda*, according to Hortensia Allende, was used as a temporary prison during the first days of the coup and many Chilean democrats are said to have been tortured aboard the vessel. The ship was the target of large demonstrations in the Bay Area and seventy-five people demonstrated on July 2 against the ship's presence in Portland.

It was shocking to see the junta naval officers, decked out in full military regalia, walking the streets of Portland like conquering Prussians. But it was downright frightening to be chased by sailors of the Chilean Navy on U.S. territory during a celebration, ironically, of the Fourth of July. (I would like to know which U.S. officials thought this an appropriate observance of the holiday.) But the real tragedy of the day was that most of the visitors to the *Esmeralda* seemed never to have heard of the Chilean military dictatorship. THOMAS GOOD

ERNEST GRUENING

The persona never engulfed the self with Ernest Gruening. The public citizen and the private person were one and the same; he was always of one piece. He had an enormous zest for life and made it a practice never to be bored. His splendid autobiography is appropriately titled *Many Battles*, and it is clear that he enjoyed all of them. He was an intellectual—educated in private schools here and in Europe, Harvard College (Bachelor of Arts in science, 1907), and the Harvard Medical School, 1912 (although he never practiced)—who loved the rough-and-tumble of politics and the challenge and excitement of journalism. In Boston he worked on the *American*, the *Herald*, served as editor of the *Traveler* (at age 27), and later moved to the *Journal* as managing editor. He was business manager, for a time, of *La Prensa*, in New York. He helped found and for five years edited the Portland (Maine) *Evening News*. He was, briefly, managing editor of the New York *Tribune* and New York *Evening Post*, but left both papers for reasons that did him credit.

For most of his adult life Gruening was identified, in one way or another, and at different times, with *The Nation*. He joined the staff on May 15, 1921, as managing editor —*The Nation* of Villard, Kirchwey, Gannett, Lewisohn and the Van Dorens—and played a key role in the mag-

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azine's fourteen-year campaign to end the occupation of Haiti. In fact it was at *The Nation* that he first became interested in foreign policy when he campaigned against "gunboat diplomacy." He became one of the first American journalists to take an in-depth view of the Caribbean, Mexico and South America. He wrote what has been described as "the best book written by a non-Mexican" about Mexico, for which, years later, he received the Order of the Aztec Eagle. Roosevelt wisely tapped his expert firsthand knowledge and he became one of the architects of the Good Neighbor Policy, serving as adviser to the American delegation at the Montevideo Conference of 1933.

After his years in Portland, he again joined the staff of *The Nation* in 1932, this time as editor, and directed some of the magazine's more successful and important campaigns of the period, including the campaign to elect LaGuardia as Mayor of New York. But after a time he left to become the first director of the newly created Division of Territories and Island Possessions and also administrator of the Puerto Rican Reconstruction Administration. He also served, of course, for nearly fourteen years as territorial governor of Alaska, and, more than any one person, was responsible for the successful drive to acquire statehood first for Alaska and then for Hawaii.

In two terms as Senator from Alaska, he was in the thick of every good fight and gave as good as he got in each of them. On October 7, 1963, he delivered his first major speech critical of America's role in Vietnam and on March 10, 1964, demanded the withdrawal of U.S. troops. He cast one of the two Senate votes against the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, the other being cast by Wayne Morse. For these services *The Nation* set in motion the process by which a group of his colleagues later nominated him for the Nobel Peace Prize, which he richly deserved but did not receive. In February 1967, he participated in *The Nation*'s conference in Los Angeles which gave definite momentum to political opposition to the war. At that conference, Senators McCarthy, Hatfield, McGovern and Gruening all spoke against the war, as did Martin Luther King, Jr.—his first public speech against further American involvement in Vietnam. Another participant at the conference, Eugene McCarthy, made history the next year when he entered the Democratic primary in New Hampshire, and four years later George McGovern carried on the same fight with the active support of Ernest Gruening.

In 1968, after Gruening was defeated for re-election to the Senate, his name was promptly added to our masthead as Editorial Associate and, let it be noted, he took the designation seriously. From Washington—or wherever he was at the moment—came a steady drumbeat of suggestions for articles and editorials, nor did he hesitate to offer criticism when he thought it was needed. As he was dying in a hospital in Washington, he was preoccupied with impeachment and worried about the outcome. In his view, the President should be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, thrown out of office, then prosecuted as a citizen, convicted again and put in jail as a demonstration that American justice still lives. The postscript in *Many Battles* is a classic indictment of Richard Nixon; no better statement of the case for impeachment has been or will be issued.

Ernest Gruening was a man of culture. He had wit and humor. He possessed a wide range of knowledge in many fields and few Americans of his generation had a richer or more varied experience in public affairs. He liked people and loved life. He was a man of impeccable honor and integrity, indomitable spirit and extraordinary moral courage. No one had a more acute sense of when the slightest compromise on an issue of principle could be fatal; he never made the mistake of letting that moment slip by. He had tenderness and affection for those he loved. What he had to say in his autobiography about the tragic deaths of Ernest, Jr. and Peter Gruening suggests, in its simplicity and directness, the depth of his feeling for them; so do his frequent references to his wife, Dorothy.

At *The Nation* we knew Ernest Gruening as a delightful and valued colleague and an ever loyal and helpful friend. His life spanned nearly a century and he was, by any reckoning, one of the most remarkable Americans of his time. Removing his name from the masthead, as we do with this issue, is a painful rite. But the conscience of a magazine that has been around as long *The Nation* is necessarily made up of the dead as well as the living. No one familiar with the editorships of Godkin, Villard and Gruening would say that their influence ceased when their lives ended. The spirit of Ernest Gruening will remain very much a part of *The Nation*'s heritage.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS
for the Publishers, Editors
and staff of *The Nation.*

Here follow comments from men who knew, admired and indeed loved Ernest Gruening:

Ernest Gruening personified truthfulness, honesty, integrity and courage throughout his public service. He has been warning us for the past many years that these attributes of good character have been lacking in many high places in all three branches of our government.

He recognized and warned that if our government, through its policies, violates the moral and legal principles upon which our system of constitutional self-government was founded, American citizens, once they became convinced of such wrongdoing, would demand and obtain a return of their constitutional freedoms and rights. It was to this issue of honest government that Ernest Gruening dedicated much of his time for the past ten years.

Ernest Gruening was a very effective political evangelist in the cause of peace through enforceable Rules of International Law. He did not oppose but supported adequate national defense. But he did oppose vigorously undeclared wars by our country or any other country, military balance-of-power diplomacy, military intervention into the internal affairs of other nations even though it is done under the diplomatic guise of a détente.

He warned again and again that nuclear proliferation and the leaving of nuclear war-making power, in the name of national security and sovereignty, to a few nations without complete international enforcement control increases the danger of a nuclear arms race ending in a worldwide catastrophic nuclear war.

History will record Ernest Gruening as being far ahead

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of his time. But above all else he will go down in history as a statesman in support of peace in our time through enforcement by world law.

When historians in the years ahead finish their documented evaluations of the public service record of Ernest Gruening, he is certain to be ranked among the list of greatest champions of the nation's welfare ever to serve in the United States Senate.

WAYNE MORSE

My memory of Ernest Gruening will endure a lifetime. His many battles were of conscience and conviction, and the vision of the issue always became clear with time. He fought for his beliefs and he spoke his mind. He was a great man both for Alaska and the nation when we needed a great man.

WALTER J. HICKEL

Of all the men I have known in public life Ernest Gruening is the one whose life I most admire. He used to call me almost every morning, sometimes as early as 6:30 or 7:00, to tell me what I should do about this article or that editorial or chide me for not doing enough on this or that issue. He did this up until the end.

It was my privilege not only to serve with him in the U.S. Senate for a number of years but also to come to know him as a personal friend and to work with him very closely in the course of the 1972 campaign for the Presidency, and also during 1971 in the contest for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

I always will think of Senator Gruening as a man who brought great passion and personal commitment and a healthy sense of moral outrage to the problems that faced our country.

I arrived at the Doctors Hospital just a few minutes after Senator Gruening died, and Mrs. Gruening was still sitting there in the room with him. I stayed there and visited with her for about an hour in the presence of Senator Gruening, and we were talking without any tears at all about this marvelous life and the many things that he did.

Mrs. Gruening spent most of that time expressing her thanks and her gratitude and her joy that she had been permitted to share some sixty years with this remarkable man.

SEN. GEORGE MCGOVERN

It is a measure of Ernest Gruening's greatness that in the last decade of a long and productive life, he undertook to use his intelligence and influence to take on not one, but two, of the most controversial public issues—the war in Vietnam and the problems of curbing rapid population growth. In both instances he had to contend with an administration led by his own party—and in both instances, when the time came for action, it was Gruening's position which was vindicated. Between 1965 and 1968, Senator Gruening conducted a remarkable set of thirty-two Senate hearings on "the population crisis" which elicited the views of 120 scientists, public officials, religious leaders and citizens. The record of these hearings—in 6,800 pages—was rich and diverse, ranging from detailed monographs on the prospects for population growth to Gruening's expert lecturing of an indifferent John Gardner, then Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, on the inadequacy of the department's program. When the hearings were completed, the issues of family planning and population had been defused politically and the inherent inability or unwillingness to act of the government's administrative bureaucracies had been exposed. The Gruening hearings thus laid the groundwork for positive legislation in 1967-70 on both the domestic and international aspects of the population issue.

It was a classic example of legislative initiative and leadership, carried out by a virtuoso. Our nation and our world will sorely miss Ernest Gruening. They don't make them that way any more.

FREDERICK S. JAFFE, vice president, Planned Parenthood Federation of America and director, Center for Family Planning Program Development.

Back in 1929 when I was a senior at Hotchkiss, I read an article telling of the plight of a newspaper editor in Portland, Me., by the name of Ernest Gruening. In my innocence and arrogance I wrote him asking for a job, and to my amazement received an immediate answer saying that he would try me out. He said in his letter that he too had gone to Hotchkiss and couldn't imagine anybody there reading either *The Nation* or *The New Republic* or being interested enough to work on a Democratic paper in an archly conservative state.

The Portland *Evening News* was my home for two summers and I learned more than I can ever acknowledge about journalism, the civil rights movement and trade unionism from Ernest, and also got to meet his wonderful sister Martha who was one of the founders of the NAACP. Although my life has been mainly concerned with music, it was Ernest Gruening as editor of *The Nation* who sent me to Alabama in February 1933 to cover the Scottsboro case, and it was through that experience that I was soon to join the board of the NAACP and work actively in the civil rights movement for the rest of my life.

Last year I was present when Ernest and Wayne Morse got ACLU awards for being the two members of the U.S. Senate with the courage to oppose the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution in 1964. And in the spring of this year Ernest made his first trip to Hotchkiss since his graduation in 1903. At my class reunion last month I found that Ernest completely captivated not only the entire student body but most of the townsfolk as well. He was supposed to spend only an evening, but wound up staying three days.

His humor and energy were unparalleled and he was certainly the nicest guy I ever worked for.

JOHN HAMMOND

Coming Next Week

THE HOT RIVER VALLEY

Nuclear Proliferation
Along the Susquehanna

by McKinley C. Olson

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POPULATION DISPERSAL

EUROPE STOPS THE URBAN SWARM

JAMES L. SUNDQUIST

Everybody knows that, along with the rest of the world, the United States has been caught up in a headlong rush toward urbanization, but the statistics are nevertheless startling when brought together and projected into the future. Many communities in rural and small-town America, especially in older areas of the country, reached their population peaks about the turn of the century, and since then have been declining or in a state of stagnation. In the 1950s half the counties in America lost population; in the 1960s the same thing happened—again half the counties lost population, though not necessarily the same ones. To put it another way, almost the entire gain in population during the 1960s—23.5 million out of 24 million—took place in metropolitan areas with populations greater than 100,000.

Between now and the year 2000, according to current estimates, we will have added 84 million people to the country—a horde almost equal to the combined population of Great Britain and France. And if distribution trends also continue into the future, they will all be added in the metropolitan areas. By then, these metropolitan areas will be merging and flowing out into vast urban regions.

There will be twenty-eight such regions of more than a million population each, comprising at that time 85 per cent of the country's population. Almost half of that metropolitan population—117 million people—will be in one vast rectangular or T-shaped urban region, with its corners at Waterville, Me. in the Northeast; Norfolk, Va. in the South; and Chicago and Indianapolis in the West. Or you may conceive of this as two megalopolises which have grown together—one extending down the Eastern seaboard and the other along the base of the Great Lakes from upstate New York to the western shores of Lake Michigan, and extending south to the Pittsburgh and Cincinnati metropolitan areas.

Another urban region—one more great sea of brick and concrete and 34 million people—will cover most of California from Sacramento to the Mexican border. Thirteen million Americans will live in one Florida city that extends from Jacksonville to Miami and across the peninsula to Tampa. These three gigantic conglomerates will account for 60 per cent of the population. Another 25 per cent will live in the twenty-five other urban regions of a million or more. In short, 85 per cent of the population will be crowded into 16 per cent of the nation's land area. That will be the flourishing one-sixth of the country; the other five-sixths, embracing 15 per cent of the population, will be stagnant or in decline.

No one can prove that this is good or bad—or if bad, how bad. Economists have a concept of economies or diseconomies of urban scale, and the sociologists and political scientists have similar notions. All of their data agree that at one end of the graph our rural communities are too small to be sound bases for economic development. They cannot provide the external economies necessary for modern industry. Public services are too expensive—when they can be provided at all—and the communities cannot offer the cultural amenities to be found in larger places.

At the other end of the graph, in our very largest cities any economies of scale are outweighed by the diseconomies—the costs of congestion, time lost in commuting, and the high cost of public services per capita. Just to give one example, when a city gets to be a certain size, it must have a subway; the Washington subway, under construction now, is reputed to be the most expensive single public works project in the history of the world. Crime, mental illness, suicide, family breakdown—all kinds of social pathology as well as some physical illnesses—increase with the size of cities, although these figures must be handled with some care. And it seems evident that public services are easier to organize in small metropolitan areas than in large ones and that smaller places are in general more easily governed.

But if we have some solid data about the diseconomies at the upper and lower extremes, we don't know much about what happens in between. We can't say at what point cities become too big, at what point too small; we certainly don't know what is the ideal population distribution.

Yet if the social sciences offer no solid data, there is another source that has particular merit in a democracy: data exist on the kind of settlement pattern in which people would like to live. All public opinion polls taken on the subject in this country and abroad—especially in France, which has apparently done the most polling on it—show that the public has a marked preference for smaller communities. The most recent authoritative poll in this country was taken for the Commission on Population Growth and the American Future. It found that only 55 per cent of the respondents were satisfied with the size of the communities in which they lived. Of the other 45 per cent, most would prefer to live in a smaller place. And in the very large cities, only 39 per cent expressed satisfaction.

On the proposition that the federal government should discourage further growth of large cities, the nationwide vote was 52 to 33 in favor. An interesting aspect was that the residents of the large cities voted in about the same proportion—51 for and 36 against—as did the population as a whole.

Responding to public opinion, the politicians seem to

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be arriving at a mild and weak consensus that the over-concentration of population is getting to be a problem serious enough to merit their attention. President Nixon in 1970 made a strong statement to the effect that policies should be adopted that would "not only stem the flow of migration to urban centers but reverse it." This repeated a similarly strong statement in the Republican platform of 1968. I don't want to overstate the President's commitment to this proposition because he has not mentioned it again since 1970, nor set in motion any action to develop a program that might carry it out. And the 1972 platform of the Republican Party did not repeat the sentiments of 1968.

Meanwhile, however, Congress had taken essentially the same position. In an act of 1970, it committed itself "to a sound balance between urban and rural America," and it repeated that sentiment later in another law. In the 1970 law, Congress sought to stimulate the President by requiring that he submit in February of every even-numbered year a report which would present data useful for the formation of a national growth policy.

The 1972 Democratic platform made a similar declaration, and other political groups, such as the National Governors' Conference, the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, and the National League of Cities, have all adopted resolutions calling for a national growth policy that would encourage some degree of population decentralization.

But none of the advocates of a national growth policy has produced anything resembling a program. Nobody has defined a population distribution pattern or proposed the measures that would influence the location of people according to that pattern. So in considering this particular policy problem, it is logical to begin by looking at what has been learned in countries that have been struggling with the problem longer and with a greater degree of determination than we have. They are the industrial countries of Western Europe; in particular, Great Britain, France, Italy, the Netherlands and Sweden.

All those countries have growth policies. They all aim to disperse the national population by stemming migration and thus retarding the congestion of the biggest cities. Some of their plans are quite specific. Some have quantitative population targets for regions, or even communes. In each country, the dispersal policies enjoy complete political support. Implementing measures are becoming increasingly forceful and are clearly effective in slowing down, or stopping altogether, the movement from smaller places to larger centers. There is, of course, the usual squabbling over what the policies should be—that is, where the growth should be directed—but there is no significant political group or party in any of these countries that advocates abandoning a national growth policy and going back to *laissez faire*.

The basic program measure is one of incentives, usually in the form of capital grants to investors, covering a portion of the cost of investment in areas where growth is to be encouraged. This is normally limited to industrial investment. The standard proportion is around 20 per cent, but most of the countries now have a kind of zoning whereby areas most in need of encouragement may get a subsidy of up to 25 per cent, or even 35 to 50 per cent in the case of Italy.

In Britain, the goal has been to stem what is called the "drift to the South"—the movement of people from older, declining industrial areas of Scotland, Wales and northern England to the south, particularly Southeast England, the region centering on London. In France, the object has been to reduce the dominance of Paris in every aspect of national life by building effective competitive centers in the hinterland, with special emphasis on the underdeveloped rural areas of southern and western France. In Italy, the aim has been to develop the economy of the South—or Mezzogiorno—so that the people of that region, who have been emigrating for decades, will not inundate the cities of northern Italy or be forced to seek their livelihoods in other countries. In the Netherlands, the object has been to stabilize the population in the eastern part of the country, so that no unnecessary migrants will be added to the population in the west, which is already threatening what all Dutch governments and Dutch planners (and I assume the Dutch public) hold dear—the so-called "green heart," which is in the center of the "Rimcity," a ring-shaped conurbation made up of Amsterdam, the Hague, Rotterdam and Utrecht, and smaller cities in between. And in Sweden, the object is—as in Britain—to stop the drift to the south that has been gradually depopulating most of the land area of the country—the northern regions which begin a little north of Stockholm and extend beyond the Arctic Circle.

Accompanying the incentives to get industry to move to the designated areas has been a program of public investment in industrial infrastructure, to give the development regions extra funds for roads, ports, utilities, etc., much as is the case with our Appalachian and Economic Development Administration programs. There are also miscellaneous incentives, such as tax concessions to industry and—in the case of Britain at present—a regional employment premium, which is simply a wage subsidy in the amount of between $3 and $4 a week for male adult employees and a somewhat smaller amount for women and juvenile employees.

As a counterpart to incentives, the European countries impose controls upon investment in the most congested areas. London has been under tight controls since the war, and these have now been extended to the entire Southeast region and to the West Midlands, centering on Birmingham, as well. To build an industrial plant—or in recent years an office building in the London region—an entrepreneur must prove that the enterprise he proposes to develop can't be developed anywhere else, and particularly not in one of the depressed areas.

France has required a similar special permit for construction in the Paris region since 1955. It also imposes a small penalty tax to discourage such new construction. Italy has just adopted controls on industrial construction in its large Northern cities; only the other day it was reported that for the first time the government actually turned down Alfa Romeo's application to build an 11,000-job factory at Milan and told the famous auto firm to undertake its development elsewhere.

The Swedes do not have direct controls, but they do

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have a system of mandatory consultation on the part of any investor proposing to establish a plant in any of the three large metropolitan areas of the country; during the consultation, the government attempts to persuade the investor to put his plant somewhere else. This has not been working very effectively, and the government is now considering the imposition of stronger controls.

The Netherlands Government proposed a measure that would not only introduce controls but impose one of the harshest taxes anywhere: a 40 per cent tax on buildings in the Rimcity and a 5 per cent tax on machinery and equipment. The Parliament is in the process of reducing the rates—putting a greater reliance on direct controls instead—but the measure is considered sure to pass.

In addition, governments are taking various direct measures. Britain, the Netherlands and Sweden have extensive programs for decentralizing government offices. Sweden is in the process of moving one-fourth of its national government out of Stockholm to thirteen growth centers scattered around the country. The state-owned and state-controlled industries that are of particular importance in some European countries—especially in Italy, where they account for 25 per cent of new industrial investment—have been obliged to put virtually all of their new projects in the development areas.

France has a very deliberate, and apparently effective, program of negotiating with occupiers of Paris office space—particularly banks, insurance companies and other "tertiary" institutions—to decentralize. The French can do this in part because of a control program that not only covers construction but also requires permits for the occupancy of office space. So if a bank, for instance, wants to obtain space for 5,000 employees, either by renting or by building, the government is in a position to bargain with it—to say in effect, "Look, if you will put 4,500 of your employees in Lyons or Bordeaux, you can put 500 in Paris." An impressive number of jobs have been decentralized through this process.

As for the total effect, it seems clear that the European governments have interfered successfully with the normal working of the economy—jobs have been moved from congested areas to decongested areas, particularly new jobs. Migration has been slowed down. Population has been stabilized in areas of out-migration. The proudest boasts in these countries now are that, probably for the first time in modern history, there is a net out-migration from the London region (not from just the city proper but from the whole region, which includes most of London's commutation area), from the Paris region and from the provinces of North Holland and South Holland (which contain the cities of Amsterdam, The Hague and Rotterdam). And in the case of the Stockholm region, there was not only a net out-migration last year but an absolute decline in population. The Swedes say that this has happened only twice before in the modern era: once in 1868 as the result of a potato famine, once in 1918 as the consequence of an influenza epidemic.

Some of this turnaround in the migration pattern might have happened anyway as the cities became more and more expensive places in which to do business, but the fact that the shift in migration patterns followed immediately and abruptly upon the adoption of tough national policies suggests that the policy shift was the major factor.

The best economic analyses of results of the population dispersal policies have been made in Britain. Three independent studies made by economists there indicate that government programs have resulted in something like 30,000 to 70,000 additional jobs a year in development areas above what would otherwise have taken place. A.J. Brown, author of one of these studies, concluded that in the absence of policy the migration flow from north to south would have been twice as high, that unemployment in development areas would have been 1 to 1.5 percentage points higher, adding one-half of a percentage point to the national unemployment rate, and that the loss of output would have been more than $500 million a year.

Now, preventing those consequences is not without costs. Britain is spending in the neighborhood of $700 million a year in direct incentives alone—although it may be observed that other countries, which use more selective methods in handing out subsidies, have been

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able to accomplish about as much with a considerably smaller expenditure. There is some loss, presumably, of competitiveness and efficiency for industries that are forced to accept locations they do not choose; the subsidies are supposedly fixed at amounts to offset such losses, but that is a hotly disputed point. The automotive industry in Britain has recently testified before a committee of the House of Commons as to the added costs that are imposed by its being forced to locate plants in Scotland, rather than in the Midlands. The Chrysler Corporation has been forced to assemble its cars on what is called "the longest assembly line in Europe," stretching from the Midlands to Scotland and back again. This, of course, is also disputed; the government planners contend that, had Chrysler planned its expansion properly, the company would not be in the position of transporting components back and forth between plants located in distant places.

Originally, the concept appeared to be that, if industrial production were dispersed, service industries would assume a dispersed pattern as well. Now the planners have found, somewhat to their surprise, that service industries seem to lead a life of their own, that no matter how industry is dispersed, the banking, insurance, engineering, brokerage and related tertiary functions prefer to concentrate in national capitals.

At present there is great rivalry among European countries for the location of the corporate headquarters of multinational enterprises. And each country would like to house the financial center of the European Economic Community (EEC); competition for that honor is particularly keen since the British with their City of London have joined the EEC. The countries believe they must offer their principal cities as the locations for the corporate headquarters and the financial services, which presumably will insist on locating in London or Paris or Amsterdam, rather than in Glasgow or Toulouse or Groningen. So they are trying to invite developments of that kind, while at the same time imposing control measures on office-building construction. And, in the case of France, on office-building occupancy.

When talking to their domestic industries, they make the argument that if enough activities are not pushed out of the capital cities to make room for the multinational corporations, they won't be able to attract the latter at all. But they are finding that international competition puts a damper on the move toward tighter controls on growth in the congested areas. The argument used by opponents of the pending building tax in Holland is that, if the Dutch impose such a heavy penalty, it will simply mean that the corporations that want to locate their headquarters or their factories in Rotterdam or Amsterdam will move over the line to Antwerp or Brussels—and, as the opponents put it, "Belgium will get the taxes, while we get the smoke."

Similarly, many French planners would like to impose even tougher controls on Paris, but once again they fear that the beneficiaries of such a policy would not be the regional centers of France, but rather Brussels, Antwerp and Düsseldorf. So both the French and Dutch face the necessity of raising this whole issue to the level of the EEC and trying there to get uniform controls that all countries will impose simultaneously on their congested centers. Unfortunately, the EEC is not quite ready to add this problem to all the other vexations it is dealing with.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer, *The Nation* will *not* appear on the following dates: July 27; August 10, 24.

So, how applicable is the European experience to the United States? It is clear that difficulties would arise if anyone here proposed to adopt the entire range of European programs. Whereas the tradition in Europe is one of planning and the acceptance of government controls, the tradition in this country is primarily one of *laissez faire*. If in European countries all the parties are for these incentive and control programs, with only the right-wing minority of a conservative party possibly opposed (and even that much opposition would be found only in Britain, since the Enoch Powell wing of the Conservative Party is the one significant political group in Europe that opposes a national growth policy), here it would likely be the other way around. Only a minority, liberal wing of one of our major parties would probably favor a move in this direction.

And our federal system imposes barriers. It is hard to foresee any general acceptance of a system of controls on land use that operated out of Washington, and yet if the states were to endeavor to control growth within their boundaries, they would immediately run into the same problems that are now appearing in Europe on the international scale. If Michigan, for instance, decided to impose controls on the expansion of the automotive industry in the Detroit area, the automobile companies could simply move over the line into Ohio and still for practical purposes be in the Detroit metropolitan area. Michigan would lose the taxes—and whatever politicians in Michigan proposed the control would be out of office.

Nevertheless, one feature of the European approach could be adopted here—the incentive system. We would probably have to use an indirect tax subsidy, but that that would be feasible is indicated by the fact that such a measure has passed the Senate twice, both times being lost in conference. That measure would have applied a higher rate of investment credit to plants located in depressed areas, as defined under current law, than is granted to plants elsewhere.

At any rate, the President is required to focus attention on this subject at least every two years, when he must present to Congress his report on national growth policy. And so, in some February of some even-numbered year, we can expect that there may be recommendations by some President on a first move toward establishing a national growth policy. When that time comes, we shall be able to proceed with the assurance, gained from more experienced countries, that measures to stem the overconcentration of population in one or a few great urban regions *can* be devised, that they *do* work and that politically they prove not only acceptable but also popular. □

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DEMOCRACY IN ISRAEL

CARL COHEN

Two large questions are properly directed at every government. First: Does it make the right decisions? Second: Does it make decisions in the right way? The right way, for most of us, is the democratic way—in which the people who constitute the community really call the tune. Almost universally professed, democracy is an ideal more commonly honored by rhetoric than by practice. How fully is this ideal realized, I ask, in Israel?

In determining the *democraticity* of any country one forbears judgment upon the wisdom of its policies—economic, military, welfare, or any other—except insofar as those policies bear upon the ability of the people to participate in decision making. One seeks, then, answers to questions like these: Do those who make the laws and execute policy truly represent the citizenry? Is the system of representation fair? Are votes cast freely? Without manipulation? Do election results really matter? Do the citizens have the means and the spirit to participate effectively in the direction of their common lives?

If Israel deserves high marks in such an examination—as I shall argue—the merits of the policies its citizens choose remain open to dispute, and are much disputed among them. Two quick examples. What the Israelis do or don't do in the administered territories, or in response to terrorist raids, are matters of importance and delicacy. Whatever is done, my question is whether the course chosen is the end product of a process of which citizen participation is the foundation. Again, in Israel (as in Denmark, England and other national democracies) religion and state are not constitutionally separated as they are (very wisely) in the United States. We may think the resulting civic power of religious institutions excessive, but my concern is whether such arrangements, for good or ill, do reflect the will of the citizenry.

In Israel, by and large, they do. Flat responses must be qualified when we appraise human institutions seeking to realize ideals in an imperfect world. But the name of democracy is earned when, on several dimensions and to significant degree, the members of the community participate in making the decisions that steer their collective life. The Israeli system is like that.

I treat, in turn (A) the institutional realities of Israeli government (B) the external and internal stresses upon the Israeli democracy, and (C) the underlying texture of Israeli political life.

(A) The concrete machinery of participation—the representative system, the political parties, the voting practices and so on—are the backbones of democracy. Good principles and good will are not enough without a working system. Close examination of Israeli political machinery, as it actually operates, yields this strong conclusion: Israel has, in theory and in actual fact, a parliamentary system closely approximating ideal representative democracy.

Proportional representation—a venerable but not much practiced principle in democratic theory—is fully implemented in Israeli government. Political parties are very many—twenty-odd, of which about a dozen usually succeed in winning one or more seats in the parliament. Virtually every set of rational alternatives facing this nation of 3 million is presented by the assortment of parties, from the two Communist parties at the one extreme, to the two or three right-wing parties at the other. At general elections each party presents its list of candidates for the Knesset, the parliamentary body in which all governmental authority ultimately rests (on the British rather than the American model), and each party wins the number of seats in the Parliament that is an exact reflection of its percentage of the votes cast. With 120 seats to be filled, each seat is won by a number of votes equal to the total number of votes cast divided by 120. Actual numbers, rounded off, exhibit the machinery more clearly. Some 1.75 million citizens—Jews, Arabs, Christians, Druses and others—are qualified to vote. The franchise is genuinely universal and honestly protected. Actual votes cast in the general elections of 1969 were some 1.43 million—82 per cent, a very healthy figure, and the percentage rose slightly in the 1973 elections. The number of votes needed to win each seat, therefore, is now between 11,000 and 12,000. Parties at the political extremes hold a few of these seats, parties in the Left-middle hold the bulk of them; the nation is governed, as it has been from its birth, by a coalition of parties from the Center-Left. At the present time parties within that coalition are bargaining intensively for their respective share of governmental authority—authority manifested partly by control of the ministries in the government. The Israeli system is one that invites and encourages critical opposition, not only from those who hope eventually to replace the government but also from those who, though self-consciously a small minority, are sufficiently united in their special interests to place one or a few of their representatives in the governing assembly.

Does all this amount to a concrete realization of democracy? Without much doubt. Of course, like every system, this one has pains and costs. The almost absolute need for coalition means that there is never-ending argument within the government over the concessions demanded by the several competing elements of the governing coalition. The multiplicity of parties leads to a good deal of hair-splitting on issues, haggling that sometimes does more to obscure than to assist the individual voter's vision. The result, as Shlomo Avineri has described it, is "a political scientist's nightmare of coalitions within coalitions, each seeking consensus and cooperation and engaged in an endless give-and-take which ultimately

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frustrates any attempt to break up the unwieldy conglomeration of interests." ("Rethinking Israel's Position," *Commentary*, June 1973.)

Perhaps worst of all, the system makes it very difficult, except in a few circumstances, to vote for persons. Each party offers a long list of candidates; the voter can hardly be expected to know many of the names on one, or a few, not to speak of a dozen lists; hence his vote will inevitably be for a party, the candidates themselves having been chosen by the party to represent its general interests. On the other hand, the intensity of political discussion throughout the country, and the variety of organized parties through which citizens can express themselves, give to each citizen the opportunity to vote for representatives who genuinely and fully reflect his own views. Unlike the voter in the two-party system, he is not normally forced to swallow an aggregate of positions, some of which he really wants to disavow. This fractionalization of the electorate, although cumbersome, does provide real opportunity for small but intense minorities, however extreme, to be effectively represented where it counts.

Israel has experienced a very stable government. Since the birth of the state, and before, the community has chosen its leaders from among essentially the same coalition of Left and Left-Center parties. But the election of those leaders has been scrupulously fair and truly free. A coalition of opposition parties poses a real and constant electoral threat to the government in power, and that government continues to exercise authority only as long as the voters really want it to, their opportunities to replace it with a different set of parties and persons being frequent and genuine.

For the efficient application of political energies the Israeli system is inferior to those of other democracies. But as machinery devised to make concrete the will of the people in their parliament, it is a system that comes very close to mathematical perfection. Its actual use, moreover, has been energetic, fair and, on the whole, successful.

(B) The precarious position of a community virtually besieged by aggressively hostile neighbors on three sides must have repercussions in the governmental process of that community. War places great strains upon every democracy; the Israeli democracy has had to cope with such strains constantly from its birth. Recollection of wartime breakdowns in American democratic practice—the treatment of citizens of German extraction during World War I, and that of Japanese-Americans during World War II—will cause us to bite our collective lip. Thus, a democratic nation struggling for life against powerful and hostile neighbors will not be able to avoid agonizing dilemmas. The apparent demands of national preservation may cause patriots to act with speedy rigor against those seen as threats. That honest passion may short-cut, even undermine, the democracy whose safety is the very end in view. The easy recourse to martial law, the need for devotion to leadership and for prompt and decisive action, the spirit of authoritarianism which military pomp and preparation cultivate—all threaten government by participation. Where such government exists, and must literally battle for survival, the essentials for protection against aggression and terrorism must inevitably conflict with the need to safeguard freedom and due process.

The Israeli record, in the face of twenty-six years of such tension, when survival was at times in genuine doubt, has been remarkably good. Were there any doubt of the health of democracy in Israel, its performance on this score would set it at rest. The erosion of democratic spirit and practice that widespread militarization threatens has not developed in Israel. Ugly terrorism, in the very bosom of daily life, has not resulted in the deprivation of rights to non-Jewish minorities. Indeed, the continuing participation of Arab and other minorities in the life of the Israeli community—in local and national government, in economic and cultural activities—is a tribute not only to the self-control of the Israeli Jews but to the evident loyalty of Israelis of all religions and backgrounds. That loyalty has rendered suppression unthinkable.

All this is not to say that there have been no abuses of due process, or of the equal protection of the laws. There have been recurrent instances of both. Arabs experience discrimination in certain spheres of Israeli life —in some social circles, in some fields of employment, in some housing developments. Where national security is involved, inequality in the treatment of Jew and Arab is barefaced. This inequality is not always injurious to the minority—Arabs are not subject to the military draft—but it cannot be good for the democracy.

Especially painful to Israeli civil libertarians has been the handling of suspected or known terrorists, infiltrators. There have been instances of preventive detention, and some of summary judgment and punishment. The circumstances, of course, are excruciating. Threats from hostile Arab forces and terrorist groups are literally omnipresent; the history of infiltration and terror by some Arab elements has been long and cruel. All things considered, it is fair to say that, in Israel, the restraint and self-control of law-enforcement agencies and officers has been admirable. Indeed, the record there, of general respect for the rights of the criminally accused, is superior to our own.

Another kind of damage has been done to Israeli democracy by the threat from without. So long as national extinction stares Israel in the face, the range of alternatives open to its statesmen and parties is considerably narrowed. Proposals at the extremes, fundamental rethinking of posture and goals, have not much attraction while the fight for life goes on from day to day. So, if democracy is healthiest when every alternative, every plausible position no matter how extreme, is put into the political pot, democracy in Israel suffers from poor nourishment at the ends of the political spectrum. Views at the extremes are most certainly not suppressed; rather those who might have come forward with daring proposals, or profound criticism, quiet themselves because they share the universally felt need for unity and security. What develops under this long-continued wartime stress is a kind of consensus, across virtually the entire scope of political life, regarding certain fundamentals—chiefly, the absolute priority of military defense needs, and all that those needs entail. The nearest analogue in recent American or British experience would be the darkest periods of World War II,

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when the real possibility of defeat, and the grim reality of its consequences, tended to draw citizens, acting freely, into tight union. In a battle for survival, some issues are necessarily screened out of the political cauldron by general consent.

The effects of this process on democracy are difficult to measure. Certainly the breadth and vigor of citizen participation in Israeli government are not reduced; but consensus does inevitably damp some political activity, reducing the field of political thought and action. How serious the loss may be cannot be known in the short range, and may never be accurately gauged.

On the other side of the scale, widespread consensus pays a kind of bonus, also not peculiar to Israel. Under the strains of total mobilization and universal threats to life and safety, there develop strong bonds of dependence, trust and comradeship among citizens, bonds that reinforce the fraternal base upon which community self-government is built. Internal disputes, however bitter, will not bring a democratic community to the cracking point if there be some overriding principles upon which all (or virtually all) are in fundamental agreement. Every working democracy relies, tacitly, upon some such larger principles of unity. In Israel the ground for it is utterly secure, and the strong tendencies toward unity of purpose and fraternity of spirit are everywhere reinforced by shared threats and sacrifices. This clear purposefulness, and the intensity of the Israeli national comradeship that results, are so great as to be almost palpable. These features of Israeli life often impress American and European visitors, and are specially admirable and attractive to the young. If manipulated and misled, such unity and trust can serve as the instrument of despotism. In Israel it is not manipulated, serving instead as the matrix of healthy democracy.

Even the universality of military service in Israel has tended, on balance, to strengthen the democracy. This is not because the Israeli Army is democratic; no army is or can be. The hierarchy of military command conflicts head-on with participatory decision making, and this is equally true whether the orders be given in Hebrew, German or English. Many have correctly observed that the Israeli defense forces are somewhat more egalitarian than most, but that is only the mitigation of an evil.

The contribution made by universal military service to Israeli democracy stems in great part from the very small size of the entire national community. The pool of manpower—and womanpower—is, by most national standards, ridiculously tiny, every single member of the armed forces being a needed brick in the common defense wall. That circumstance of being needed, feeling needed, knowing oneself relied upon and responsible for the welfare of others, gives to every young Israeli an early and powerful—sometimes even heady—feeling of participation in community life. Universal military service is a hard and wasteful way to build the fabric of a democracy. But its by-product is a strong and widespread sense of active membership in the national fraternity, a kind of membership, internally sensed as well as externally marked, upon which real democracy thrives.

For Israel as a nation threats from without are the most serious; for democracy in Israel the most serious strains arise internally, from the presence of large, permanent minorities within the community. These minorities certainly are not excluded from the life of the nation, but neither are they, as yet, fully absorbed into that life. So Israel suffers from social indigestion. Its case is very different from the American, or the Belgian, or the Swiss, or the Irish, or others with ailments of that genus, but it shares important features with all of them. And the Israeli case is painful.

First there are the Israeli Arabs (some Christian Arabs, some Muslims) who constitute roughly one-sixth of the population—500,000 out of 3 million. The political circumstances of Israeli Arabs (I refer here only to citizen-residents of Israel proper, not of the occupied territories) are good. Full civil rights—personal, political and economic—are theirs. The enjoyment of these rights, moreover, is not merely theoretical, but concrete, and evident in the behavior of persons and institutions. Arabic is one of the official languages of Israel, widely used and respected. TV broadcasting in Arabic, in prime time, is proportionately great; Arabic radio and press is everywhere. Israeli Arabs have their own political parties, join other parties, elect representatives to the Knesset, have complete control of their own communities, and so on. Although Arab citizens are not drafted into the Army (a policy much resented by some Arabs), a good many do volunteer. All this indicates fundamental health and fairness. With respect to *rights,* in theory and in practice, the Arab minority is well protected.

But serious tensions remain. The fraternal bond between Arabs in Israel and Arabs without—perfectly understandable in view of shared language and heritage—cannot fail to create an equally understandable strain between Jewish and Arab citizens within the country. There is a degree of distrust on both sides; it is not general, but it is real and cannot be denied. There is discrimination—not in the provision of rights, or in education, but in some categories of employment, especially government employment.

Most troublesome, however, is the matter of long-term Arab loyalty. To what symbol of national unity is the Arab Israeli to give his heart? Can it be the *Mogen David,* the Star of David? What shall the Arab Israeli sing when the national anthem is played, it being *Hatikvah*? Here is a social agony that will not go away. The feeling of second-class citizenship, the sense of ethnic exclusion, even if not the result of deliberate policy, must bruise and weaken the fabric of participation in the Israeli democracy.

Even so, relations between Jewish and Arab citizens of Israel do not go badly, overall. It is a repeated lesson of Western history—and one of the great arguments in support of democracy—that minorities, economic and ethnic, begin to overcome their civic disadvantages in a community as soon as they begin to achieve real representation in the government of that community. That concrete representation of Arabs in Israeli civic life is long past the beginning point. Elected representatives are external marks of real participation; its internal marks are identification with the community, pride in it, and loyalty to it. These also grow. Between Arab and Jewish citizens of Israel

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tension will not disappear, but the prospects for long-term harmony are good.

The other great internal strain is that between the Jews of European background and those called Oriental Jews, a generic term for the Jewish immigrants from Morocco, Yemen, Iraq, Egypt and so on. Tensions between these two great categories create serious problems for Israeli democracy.

The dimensions of this problem will be apparent if the following rough numerical breakdown be kept in mind: In 1970 approximately 45 per cent of all Israelis were born in Israel. Of the 55 per cent born abroad, 28 per cent came from Europe or America, 27 per cent from Asia or Africa.

The great contrast between the cultures of the European and the Oriental Jews—their conflicting social and personal attitudes and practices—produce the strains. The latter suffer gravely from lack of modern education and industrial skills. Many Oriental Jews retain a cultural tradition that, at least relatively, is not conducive to higher education or professional training. But Israel has become rapidly and thoroughly industrialized, on a very sophisticated base. In computer software, in agricultural science, in electronic research and development, in water technology, in social research, among a host of other fields, Israel is among the world's leaders. In such an economy there are, for those who cannot or will not adopt Western ways, few comfortable places.

The operation of this rapidly growing technological economy—impeded but not stopped by intermittent war—requires and rewards those who, by inclination and training, are prepared to absorb and advance the formal study upon which it feeds. It is not surprising, then, that Israel, with a population much smaller than that of Maryland, supports seven fine universities, two of them new and vigorously growing, three of them among the outstanding intellectual centers of the world.

Just here the culture of the Oriental Jews becomes seriously problematic. However one reads the figures—and there are some hopeful signs of change among them—it is manifest that at successively higher levels of secondary schooling and university study the proportion of Oriental Jews among the students and graduates becomes smaller. In some areas the gaps are abysmal. This contrast is reflected, and will be reflected for some time, in differential levels of income, differential categories of employment, differential roles in economic and political leadership for Oriental and European Jews.

But democracy is threatened when participation by great segments of the citizenry is thus hindered. Most of the power and the wealth has been and remains in the hands of European Jews. When the waves of migration were overwhelmingly European, that was not surprising. With the great influx of Oriental Jews in recent years, and the relatively high birth rate of Oriental Jews already in Israel, the power balance is in need of adjustment, and the nation faces, self-consciously, the enormous task of absorption. One of the major ministries of the Israeli Government is entirely devoted to that task.

What does "absorption" mean? Decent housing, the teaching of a wholly new language, and then suitable employment for tens of thousands of immigrants each year—all this is entailed. Even these herculean tasks are only ancillary; after basic needs are met, there remains the goal of bringing new citizens into the mainstream of Israeli life. But for great numbers of Oriental Jews it is not clear what the mainstream is or ought to be.

It seemed obvious to many, at first, that absorption would mean ultimate Westernization. That goal, however, has been but partly achieved, and with very mixed results. For many Oriental Jews, Westernization leads to internal ambivalence and unhappiness, to family distress and to social unrest. With many others, Westernization simply does not take. Whatever the reasons—deep cultural antipathy, overt discrimination, inadequate preparation, or others—the outcome is deeply troubling: great chunks of the Israeli citizenry, Jews, suffer relegation to inferior status, economically and socially.

Was the thrust of absorption, then, misdirected from the start? Ought the aim never to have been Westernization, but the enrichment of the cultural life of Israel with communities of Jews who retain their Oriental (or European) ways, who educate and thrive in their own style? This pluralistic spirit is now widely received in Israel, and is infused into recent absorption efforts.

The pluralistic ideal, however, no less than the assimilationist ideal, meets with serious practical obstacles. Respect for the culture and traditions of the rural Jews of Morocco and elsewhere is right; but if maintenance of those cultural patterns leads away from the universities, we may know for a certainty who will not be running the factories, the social services, the government, in the next generation. Village customs and homespun training may be prized, but the Israeli economy cannot be adjusted to run on these. Ever greater economic differentials must result from that cultural separation. This means, concretely, that the better-paying jobs, the larger and better apartments, the travel and the automobiles will go to European Jews, while cultural pluralism is enjoyed by the Oriental Jews at painful cost.

There is no easy way out of this dilemma. One may talk about combining the process of Westernization and the spirit of pluralism—and such combination is the aim, to some degree achieved, of the Ministry of Absorption. But such schemes often sound more feasible than they prove in fact; and if they promise the benefits of both directions, they sometimes yield the disadvantages of both.

To the extent that the rift between European and Oriental Jews in Israel has created significant *de facto* inequalities between the two groups, inequalities that bear on the ability of the one to participate as fully or as effectively as the other, democracy in Israel is hurt. That hurt is not minor. But neither is it deadly. Three factors brighten the prospect:

(1) The vigorous participation of Oriental Jews in government gives internal sense and tangible proof of fully equal citizenship. And that participation—especially in local government—now equals or exceeds the participation of the longer-resident Europeans.

(2) The inflow of Soviet Jews, now becoming a very considerable stream, complicates matters, but ultimately will prove healthy. Essentially European, of course, they represent a distinct cultural and economic thrust. As their

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numbers increase one natural result will be the further diffusion of economic and political power—and a consequent blurring of the European-Oriental dichotomy.

(3) The "absorption" problem, and all that it entails, is given (next to military defense) the highest priorities of the Israeli Government. The leaders of that government, honest liberal democrats with practical experience and considerable wisdom, recognize as fully and as deeply as anyone can the difficulties—personal, social and economic—to be overcome. One may be reasonably confident that the government, whatever coalition be in power, will continue to do, in this sphere, all that can be reasonably done to make democracy succeed.

(C) Democracy does succeed in Israel. Apart from the issues or the outcome of the recent national elections there, the procedure and spirit of those elections is the strongest evidence of that success. It is not merely that the level of participation is high but that all, leaders and led, are deeply concerned that it remain high. Vigorous efforts are made to insure that everyone has full opportunity to vote, and scrupulous care is taken to protect the fairness of the process, and the accuracy of the count. In Israel, everybody wants everybody to have the voice that everybody deserves. That is democracy.

But votes and percentages tell only half the story. The other half lies in the spirit with which the citizens cast their votes. In Israel, as in every healthy democracy, an acute feeling of responsibility attends the ballot. The present and continuing emergency explains this in part; but that widespread sense of responsibility stems fundamentally from the universal conviction that governing decisions really are the voters' to make, that their choice counts. Their collective will, once determined, will be acted upon.

This self-conscious identification of the citizens with their government is the surest mark of an operating democracy. It accounts for the intensity of political discussion and debate, at every dinner table, in every living room, often at high levels of sophistication. It accounts for the frequently remarked addiction of the Israelis to the hourly news broadcasts, and for the accuracy and honesty of those broadcasts. If a people genuinely govern themselves, they will see to it that the information upon which they must act will be reliable. No citizenry is more fully or more honestly informed about their common business than the Israeli.

In some lands the veneer of public voting covers, or partly covers, continuing manipulation of the people. The Israeli people may err in choosing their governors, and no doubt do so on occasion, but manipulated they are not. Freedom of speech and of the press is real, and it is exercised vigorously even during the most perilous times. The choices of the Israeli people, for good or ill, are freely and openly made. The nation is theirs; loyalty to it is passionate but rational. That intelligent love of country, as de Tocqueville described it,

> springs from knowledge; it is nurtured by the laws; it grows by the exercise of civil rights; and, in the end, it is confounded with the personal interests of the citizen. A man comprehends the influence which the well-being of his country has upon his own; he is aware that the laws permit him to contribute to that prosperity, and he labors to promote it, first because it benefits him, and secondly because it is in part his own work (*Democracy in America*; Vol. 1, Chapter 14).

This ideal is far from perfectly realized in Israel, as I have been at pains to show. But it is an ideal seriously pursued, and it is, in fact, realized to a degree of which we Americans, who befriend and support Israel, may be proud. □

POLARIZING BOULDER

THE NEW LEFT ALMOST BLEW IT

TIMOTHY LEE LANGE

Boulder, Col.

When voters in this near-mountain community of 75,000 went to the polls on May 7 to reject 2 to 1 an amendment that would have given homosexuals some job security, nobody with any political savvy was surprised. The stomping it took at the polls was merely another sign of decay in Boulder's two-and-a-half-year-old progressive coalition, a coalition that is sure to collapse unless it can manage some prompt reorganization and find a means to neutralize the Right-of-Center grass-roots organization that is determined to end progressive policies in this city.

In itself, the gay rights amendment had slight direct bearing on Boulder politics. Sloppily drafted, ill-timed and poorly presented, the amendment offered little but its humanist principle around which supporters could organize. For opponents, however, the amendment was a perfect focal point—an emotional law with few precedents—around which to unite the city's out-of-power conservatives, religious fundamentalists and fanatics, as well as many alienated residents who hadn't seen the inside of a voting booth for a decade.

The rightist coalition was able not only to defeat the amendment but to build momentum for its effort to recall two city council members and thus reverse the progressive trend. Although the recall issue is now hung up in the appeals courts, the rightists may yet shatter the narrow city council majority and bring an end to the social legislation passed since 1971.

That year, a much different coalition was seeking power. Left/liberals and much-tempered labor radicals from the 1920s and 1930s had long been part of the Boulder political scene, but their energies had been directed toward national and global issues, only peripherally toward local

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ones. As a result, only a few progressives ever served on the city council at any given time. But when a federal court ruling backed up the 18-year-old voter laws by allowing students to vote in their college towns, thousands registered and voted. In Boulder, students provided a natural constituency for progressive candidates in 1972.

Five of the nine city council seats were open in the off-year election, and when the ballots were counted in November, the voters had booted out four conservative incumbents, crushed a well-financed campaign by ultra-rightists and put four trusted candidates into council seats. The four were a montage of the New Politics: long-haired co-op bookstore owner Tim Fuller; radic-lib university instructor Karen Paget—at 26, the youngest person ever elected in Boulder and only the fourth elected councilwoman in the city's 110-year history; Penfield Tate II, a moderately conservative black lawyer with a social conscience; Ken Wright, a water engineer committed to tough environmental controls. One seat fell to a popular conservative, but the carry-over liberal council member was enough to yield a 5-to-4 majority.

Though it has grown from a slow-paced 1940s college town of 12,000 to a city of 75,000 with 1970s problems and conflicts, Boulder remains a pleasant community. It nestles against the front-range of the Rockies only 30 miles north of Denver in a nearly fairy-tale setting. History here sometimes reads like mythology. In 1874, a resident spent thirty hours in the saddle from Denver to Boulder to raise the matching funds necessary to convince the territorial legislature that it should give Boulder the University of Colorado instead of the state pen.

With the state's highest median income ($11,500), the community might be considered well-off, but there is high unemployment and underemployment of overeducated grads and few unions have taken hold. Even with the increasing pressure of suburban development, a strong, politically aware counter-culture thrives, begun when Boulder was a mini-Haight-Ashbury, and now kept alive by young immigrants, university grads and dropouts who choose the city for home.

But Boulder isn't Berkeley. Anti-war and related activities had wide followings here, but there were none of the violent clashes which so radicalized other communities. No less anxious for change, even radicals have had easier going in Boulder. Thus, when the new majority of progressives took its place on the council, there were none of the conflicts as in Berkeley, where old and new members even fought over reciting the pledge of allegiance.

Boulder's new council members did, however, move into legislative areas previously untouched. Over a period of eighteen months, the new majority approved programs to help street people, allocated funds for a free clinic, passed a rental licensing ordinance that requires housing inspections in a city where 48 per cent of the people rent, began working toward production of more low-cost housing, passed a human rights ordinance, created a human resources department, and tried to develop regulations preventing further sprawl and too-rapid growth.

In the process, the new majority made major mistakes. Far more than expected, the progressives alienated the business community, especially the arch-conservative *Daily Camera*, the city's only year-round daily newspaper. "Polarization" became the popular new word. The community had, of course, always been "polarized" between the powerful and the powerless, but the Old Guard business community now used the word to describe its relationship with the progressive council.

Fault for most of this alienation lay with the new majority itself. Progressives pushed through ordinances without taking time to defuse objections in the still powerful business community. The crucial error, however, had nothing to do with the progressives' natural enemies, rather with their supporters. After the election, the new coalition neglected to expand and develop its political base in preparation for the next election, and the majority council members became isolated, partly by demands on their unpaid time, partly by their inexcusable smugness at finally being in the driver's seat. Issues important to many constituents were ignored in the press of routine council business. Worse still, Tate's basic conservatism and Wright's emphasis on environment (to the exclusion of other issues) often led the two men to defect from the other progressives. Many supporters drifted away, disillusioned.

In the 1973 election, the errors nearly meant disaster. Students had turned out for the 1972 general election in the same spectacular percentages as for the 1971 city election: nearly 80 per cent of those eligible had voted. McGovern's faltering candidacy had drawn only 65 per cent of the student vote, but other New Politics Democrats had won by margins of 8 to 1 and 10 to 1 in student precincts. Progressives saw no need to organize student voters after 1972—they seemed a sure bet.

In September 1973, a measure that would have destroyed progressive strength by dividing the city into districts failed by only twenty-nine votes, but even though only 18 per cent of the student voters turned out, there was still no attempt to organize them—or anyone else. Faced with the opportunity to strengthen the coalition and move the council further Left, progressive council candidates ran lackluster campaigns, and in November, with four progressives and a moderate expected to take five of the six open council seats, the most progressive candidates were beaten. Another low student turnout also meant defeat for several progressive-initiated ballot proposals, including one to drop candidates' age requirements from 25 to 21.

Weakened by Tate's and Wright's frequent and unpredictable defections, the progressives made little headway after the election, except to alienate more voters of all persuasions. In late November, they passed a moderately worded resolution calling for Nixon's impeachment which produced demands that henceforth the council deal solely with Boulder issues. In January, with help from conservatives, council members narrowly elected Tate to the ceremonial mayorship, upsetting racists, conservatives who weren't familiar with his voting record and many progressives who were. Against this divisive background, the gay rights issue arose.

In the fall, a schoolteacher friend of Tate who had been fired for being a lesbian asked him to introduce a law protecting homosexuals' job rights. The civil-rights conscious Tate quickly and imprudently put together an amendment to the city's already controversial Human

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Rights Ordinance which bans discrimination on grounds of race, creed, color, sex or national origin. At the last council meeting of the year on December 18, the amendment passed unanimously without a single comment from the audience at the public hearing.

The somnambulant *Daily Camera* editors awoke with a start on December 30 with the first in their four-month series of inaccurate and often scurrilous editorials denouncing the amendment. Discriminating against homosexuals, they wrote, was a moral thing to do. During the next few months, the *Camera* falsely accused the city council of having sneaked the amendment through, made connections between the amendment and the mass Corll slayings in Houston and hinted that it might promote child molesting in the city's recreation programs.

After months of venomous, numbing debate, the council held its final public hearings on the amendment. Four hundred citizens—more than had ever appeared before—showed up; supporters wore lavender armbands and opponents were notable for their frowns and Bibles. The latter connected the amendment with pornography, child molesting and Satan; one woman warned council members not to turn Boulder into "Lesbian-Homoville." Then, with Wright defecting, the council voted 5 to 4 for the amendment, later deciding to put the issue to a popular vote.

For opponents, however, a referendum was not enough. On their minds was dumping the five council members who had voted for the amendment and replacing them with "moral" officials. An oddity in the city charter prevented the recall committee from petitioning against the three progressives who had taken office only three months earlier, but left Tate and Fuller vulnerable. Those two would be enough to reverse the balance.

Anyone left with doubts about the outcome of the May 7th referendum had them quickly dispelled when the recall committee produced 9,500 signatures against Tate and Fuller, more than half again as many as were needed to force a recall election. The district court struck down the recall petitions because they did not state sufficient cause for recalling the two men, and now the final decision rests with the state Supreme Court, or on whether the recall committee can mount another (and legally correct) signature-gathering campaign.

Despite its apparent legal failure, the recall effort opened some eyes, demonstrating clearly that this was far more than a drive against homosexuals. Said Tim Fuller: "Obviously, they're after the two of us for something other than this issue." It was, he said, because they were symbols of a "new genre of the community . . . young and progressive." Actually, the recall campaign had deeper roots.

Recall leader Zenon Raczkowski was also involved with another group—Right to Life. That organization had appeared before the council in an attempt to close the Boulder Valley (Abortion) Clinic. Though the Right-to-Lifers knew the council would not close the clinic for performing legal abortions, they hoped to convert enough council members to deny the clinic its necessary zoning. The Right-to-Lifers' campaign had the markings of the gay rights and recall battles yet to come—distortions and outright lies. The clinic was accused of planning to dump fetuses in its back alley garbage cans, just as Fuller was later accused of having sold drugs from his bookstore to win the 1971 election. The tactics were unsuccessful and the Right-to-Lifers lost the zoning fight. But Raczkowski has promised to revive the abortion clinic issue when the recall is settled.

While the Right-to-Lifers were effective in grass-roots organizing against the gay rights amendment, Boulder's Old Guard has been behind the scenes all the way, enjoying the chaos and attacks on progressive council members. It is the Old Guard which will gain the most from the rightist coalition.

The rightists agree on what the council should and should not do. Instead of worrying about human-rights laws and low-cost housing, for example, they want the council to deal exclusively with "bread-and-butter" issues such as street repair, sewage sludge, flood control, zoning and annexation. Though publicly agreeing with Raczkowski, the Old Guard privately sneers at the underlying fundamentalism of the Right-to-Lifers, and recognizes that city hall will not be replaced with a church or the city charter exchanged for a Bible.

If recall is ultimately successful, or if the rightist coalition can hang together until the 1975 council elections, Old Guardsmen note that replacement council members will not be grass-roots Right-to-Lifers but familiar, business-oriented citizens closely associated with Boulder's old centers of power.

The Old Guard is epitomized in the *Daily Camera*. Owned by the Ridder chain, it is the gem of its conservative parent company. Ridder bought the paper for its high-growth potential in a booming area of a booming state, and it yielded an estimated $1.2 million profit for 1973—more than a third of the $3.5 million Ridder paid for the whole operation in 1969. But the owners want the *Camera* to grow fatter faster, and the progressive council, they feel, is hindering that growth.

When the progressives rejected a huge new shopping center in 1972, the thought of lost revenue roused the *Camera*'s editorial writers into a foaming rage. Till they stumbled onto the issue of Fuller's residency, however, they could make only partisan comments. A court transcript leaked to the *Camera* gave the newspaper and its Old Guard allies everything they thought they needed. By raising the possibility that Fuller had not met the three-year candidate's residency requirement when he ran in 1971, they hoped to destroy his credibility, bump him off the council for election fraud, nullify the shopping center vote and alter the council's balance.

Fuller was an easy and obvious target. Besides the trumped-up residency issue, he—of all council members—was most closely associated with the hated street people/counter-culture/student/radical element that the Old Guard felt had stolen the 1971 election. But the *Camera*'s heavy-handed reporting didn't take, and when a legal investigator could substantiate nothing against Fuller, the Colorado Supreme Court made the issue moot by ruling all three-year residency requirements unconstitutional. Fuller kept his seat.

Moral in tone, the *Camera*'s anti-progressive editorials have been aimed at one thing—dumping enough progressives to restore the council's balance of power to the business community so that the Old Guard can get on

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with making Boulder—and the *Camera*—grow faster. The progressives are caught in a bind. During their two years of fiddling away their resources, the coalition which put them into power dwindled, and those supporters who remain are shackled by their own laziness and the unexpectedly powerful, but unstable rightist alliance. Without some creative leadership, the progressive new majority is likely to be lost, if not in the uncertain recall election, then in 1975.

If that happens, new programs for affirmative action, day care and police reform are bound for nowhere, and an Old Guard-controlled council can be expected to repeal some existing programs. With retreats in areas of moderate reform, action on other crucial social issues is unlikely.

The tools needed to recover progressive strength are simple and familiar: the same kind of grass-roots organizing that won for them in 1971 can now salvage the progressives' new majority in the recall or in the 1975 elections. Involving a transient student population will not be as easy now as it was in 1971; large percentages of students, from Berkeley to East Lansing, have dropped politics. But many can be brought back. Even on May 7, nearly 4,000 students voted—66 per cent favoring an unpopular amendment.

Progressive organizing in the nonstudent community, however, is the only long-range, predictable base from which to build. Organizers cannot, as they did for the gay rights amendment, ignore large geographic segments of the city simply because those areas are labeled conservative. Progressive support must be developed citywide if the new majority is to survive. But unless the council progressives and their remaining supporters come to these realizations soon, Boulder's new majority may well be remembered as a fluke in the city's political history. □

CELLULOSE TO GLUCOSE

FOOD AND FUEL FROM TRASH

CATHY KAUFMAN

In subtropical countries, one is advised to keep a light burning in the closet. It keeps the atmosphere sufficiently dry to discourage certain mildew-producing fungi that attack cellulosic materials such as cotton or linen. During World War II, the U.S. Army began investigating the habits of *Trichoderma viride*, a clothes-destroying fungus with a particularly keen appetite for the cartridge belts worn by soldiers in the South Pacific. Three years ago, the research assumed an offensive rather than defensive stance, when it was decided, under the Army's Pollution Abatement Control Program, to see if *T. viride* could be used to eliminate cellulosic wastes at military bases. The U.S. Army Laboratories at Natick, Mass. (whose mission involves materiel; food for the astronauts is both developed and manufactured there), soon isolated a mutant of *T. viride* that converts cellulose to glucose so quickly and efficiently that, in the not too distant future and on a large scale we may be able to produce both food and fuel from trash.

T. viride works by producing an enzyme, cellulase, that then converts cellulose to glucose. The glucose, in turn, may be transformed by microbial action to single-cell proteins, by chemical conversion to other chemical feedstocks, many of which are now derived from petrochemicals, and by fermentation to ethyl alcohol (ethanol) or to other chemicals such as acetone.

The age of fossil fuels, like the age of dinosaurs, is transitory. The estimates are that it will come to an end in the early years of the 21st century. Certainly it will be sputtering with a yellow flame by then. The hope in cellulose is that it is the only organic material on earth that is constantly replenished by solar energy, in estimated quantities of 100 billion tons per year. Municipal trash is composed of about 70 per cent cellulose—roughly, 50 per cent paper and paperboard wastes and 20 per cent garbage and yard wastes. Last year some 200 million tons of trash was collected by cities and towns in the United States. This may be the only natural resource that is growing, not diminishing; the calculated annual trash increase is 5 per cent.

In addition to municipal trash, sources of cellulosic waste include industrial paper and wood wastes, agricultural and food-processing wastes and animal feedlot wastes. Roughly 800 million tons of livestock manure is produced annually in feedlots. About 50 per cent of the dry organic weight of this mass is cellulosic and can be reduced to chemically pure glucose, recyclable to cattle as syrup or as single-cell proteins.

One thousand pounds of cellulose waste will yield 500 pounds of glucose. The 50 per cent conversion rate applies again to the yield from the glucose of either single-cell proteins (SCPs) or alcohol. Thus production of food or fuel would be equally efficient.

The single-cell proteins are comparable in essence to brewer's yeast. Their crude protein content is high—44 to 51 per cent, compared to 32 to 42 per cent for soybeans, or, for soybeans in their most concentrated, defatted form, 45 to 54 percent. Among land-based vegetables, only sunflower seed concentrate is higher in protein than SCPs, by 2 per cent. Furthermore, the protein of SCPs is complete, containing all eight essential amino acids.

Hypothetically, the bulk cellulosic municipal waste of 140 million tons could be converted into 35 million tons of SCPs. That would be greater than India's record wheat production of 26 million tons two years ago (since drastically reduced). And the crude protein content of the

Cathy Kaufman is a free-lance writer who covered the Natick hearings in the Senate and visited the Natick lab outside Boston.

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hypothetical SCP production would be four times greater than that of an equal amount of wheat.

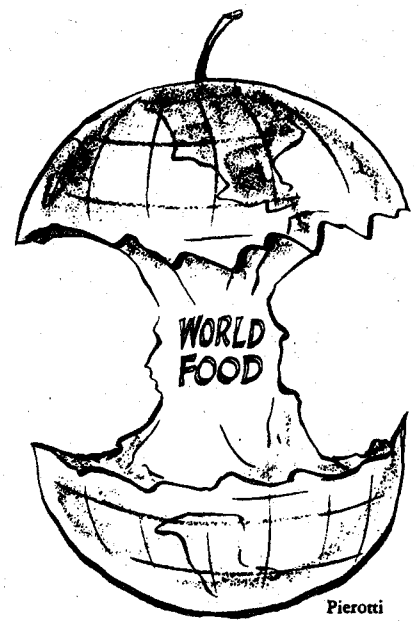
There is a considerable protein imbalance in the world today. "Food imperialism" (the phrase is from Lyle P. Schertz of the U.S. Department of Agriculture) takes grain and fish from the poor nations to feed the beef cattle of the rich. Wealthy nations such as the United States, Canada, Great Britain and the European countries have a taste for beef generously marbled with white fat. Cattle raised on grass, in Australia and Argentina, are leaner and their fat is yellow, from carotene in the grass. The lifetime diet of the average American cow raised for beef consists of about 12 per cent protein daily. This has been derived primarily from grains and legumes suitable for human consumption, such as corn and soybean meal. Most of our harvested grain, in fact, is fed to animals at a great net loss of protein. As meat eaters we retrieve only 10 per cent of the protein fed to cattle.

Historically, cattle have been ruminating beasts, eating cellulosic fodder not suitable for human consumption, converting it to high quality protein for man's enjoyment and health. Ideally, cattle eat what we cannot, and we eat them. This natural (to us) efficient design is altered when the diet of beef cattle is composed of grains or fish meal suitable for man. The artificially imposed pattern becomes grotesque when one considers that millions of people in the world are underfed in both protein and calories to the point of debilitation and in increasing numbers to the point of actual starvation.

Dr. Robert Oltjen, chief of the USDA's Ruminant Nutrition Laboratory at Beltsville, Md., has fed livestock exclusively on ground-up newspaper or wood pulp mixed with molasses, supplemented with urea (which the animal converts to protein), to determine exactly how low a dietary level cattle can tolerate and still remain healthy and commercially viable. One bull at the Beltsville laboratory has thrived for nine years on a wholly protein-free diet. In Dr. Oltjen's opinion, cattle in the United States consume excessive amounts of protein and go to market too fat.

But if fatty beef continues to dominate the market, despite indications that its consumption contributes to increased blood cholesterol levels and colon cancer, the protein to produce it could at least be derived from SCPs from waste material and not from grains desired by humans. Dr. Oltjen sees the current high cost of conventionally produced yeast, or SCPs, as the only major deterrent to its widespread use as a cattle food supplement. Using the present very rough cost estimates for the Natick process, one can speculate that the production of a ton of SCPs from municipal waste would cost slightly less than half the current cost ($110 to $120) of a ton of soybean meal.

Human diets, too, could be greatly enhanced with the addition of SCPs. Experiments have demonstrated that the palatability of bread is not altered by the addition of SCPs and and the protein content is considerably increased. Such means of adding protein to the diets of those subsisting largely on starchy foods like manioc or taro in the developing countries could mean the difference between the presence or absence of kwashiorkor, a syndrome of severe protein deficiency. The diets of the poor in our own country are notably low in protein and would benefit by SCP enrichment. It is true that further research needs to be done to assure the purity of the trash-derived glucose used for SCP manufacture, if these are designated for human consumption. The problem is not perceived as one that is insoluble by the Natick scientists.



Pierotti

The other possibility in the Natick process is the production of fuel. Ethanol has long been recognized as a suitable, even desirable, additive for gasoline, but the cost of producing it by fermentation of valuable grain foodstocks made it uneconomical, at least in this country. Brazil and South Africa produce ethanol as a motor fuel from surplus sugar. Before World War II both the French and Germans mixed ethanol with gasoline.

Sen. William Proxmire (D., Wis.), chairman of the Subcommittee on Priorities and Economy in Government of the Joint Economic Committee, held three days of hearings recently on the food and fuel potential of the Natick process. Natick scientists Dr. Mary Mandels, Dr. John Nystrom and administrator Leo Spano were present, as were protein experts, alcohol and waste management experts; John Sawhill, administrator of the Federal Energy Administration, Russell E. Train, administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, representatives of Shell and Mobil Oil companies and Ralph Nader.

A large part of Sawhill's testimony was devoted to the impracticality of using ethanol fermented from grain as a gasoline additive; it would be uneconomical and divert food supplies from human use. This was largely irrelevant, given the subcommittee's focus on municipal trash as a source of ethanol.

Train's attitude toward ethanol was even more negative. Even cheaply produced ethanol would not be practical to use as an automotive fuel additive, he said, listing reasons such as its oxygen content, which would require carburetor modification; the affinity of alcohol for water, which would cause its separation from gasoline in storage tanks and the high evaporation rate of alcohol. These "obvious

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difficulties," according to Train, outweigh the potential benefits of ethanol.

On questioning by Proxmire, neither Train nor his technical adviser, a former long-time Texaco employee, showed any familiarity with the more positive experiments using alcohol as a fuel additive.

Even the oil company representatives agreed with Dr. Thomas B. Reed, methanol expert and M.I.T. research chemist, that 10 per cent additions of ethanol or methanol to gasoline require no carbureter modification. Furthermore, Reed said, a one-in-ten methanol-gasoline mixture can increase fuel economy up to 10 per cent in some cars. Methanol or ethanol significantly increases the octane of gasoline, and carbon monoxide emissions are decreased up to 70 per cent. The problem of the affinity of alcohol to water could be solved by using Sunoco-type mixing pumps at the filling station.

Are the oil companies interested in seeing ethanol used as a 10 per cent gasoline additive? Yes, says Shell. No, says Mobil; they would prefer that trash be used as fuel by burning it directly. Both Mobil and Shell agreed, however, that the government should bear all costs of research and development of producing ethanol from municipal waste. Only when it becomes "commercially feasible" would the oil companies care to step in.

Ralph Nader accused the oil companies of indifference to the development of any forms of energy that they cannot directly own or control. Oil, uranium, coal, natural gas are finite and possessable. Solar energy is relatively infinite, and falls indifferently upon the earth, lease or no lease.

Though ethanol manufactured from currently available municipal, agricultural and feedlot wastes could provide 14 per cent of this country's fuel consumption, so far only $400,000 has been invested in the pertinent research at Natick. Nader contrasted this with the hundreds of millions of dollars the oil companies are spending on shale oil development which, at best, will provide only 2 per cent of our annual energy needs, and the $2.7 million spent recently on the American Electric Power System's campaign to convince the public that burning coal without pollution controls is the answer to the energy problem.

An additional tens of billions of dollars, Nader said, has gone into the development of nuclear power that, with all its environmental hazards (the AEC admitted after the hearings that 861 "abnormal" events occurred in our forty-two nuclear power plants last year), so far provides only a minute percentage of our energy.

The modest outlay devoted to cellulose conversion at Natick consists of a small laboratory in a basement, where the enzymatic broth is produced. Behind the glass beakers containing shredded copies of the *Boston Globe* (the cellulosic substrate of choice) microbiologist Mary Mandels has pinned newspaper clippings on the world's current famine situation. In the pre-pilot plant, a sunny, large room in another building, one edges down a narrow aisle past banks of dials to a row of squat, miniaturized vats, swaddled and muffled in asbestos like so many dutiful children done up to play in the snow. The pre-pilot plant began operations in June; it will produce 500 pounds of glucose per month.

Two years ago, a delegation of Russians visited the Natick laboratories and were given samples of *T. viride* to take home. They purchased fermentation equipment from Fermentation Design, Inc., of Bethlehem, Pa., suppliers to Natick, in quantities three times greater than Natick's. In addition, they bought a computer to facilitate experimentation in their pilot plant. So far, Natick does not have $150,000 for a computer.

The Russians' interest is in production of single-cell protein and in this respect they are unique among those—representatives of private industry, foreign governments, states such as Oregon, with a straw disposal problem—who have been granted royalty-free licenses by the Army to apply the enzymatic conversion process to waste. Most interest has been expressed in using the process for waste disposal or to produce industrial chemical feedstocks.

In some respects the Natick process can be viewed as a litmus test for social ideologies. We have a pot of glucose, derived in a clean, nonpolluting way from municipal trash in a plant costing less than the traditional incinerator plant. From it we can derive all the chemicals that are conventionally derived from glucose. In addition, because it is so cheap and replenishable, we can at last contemplate producing protein from it by microbial action or fuel by fermentation. No efficiency or cost factor helps us make the decision; the equipment is multi-purpose. We can produce what we deem most valuable—food for the starving or fuel for our automobiles.

Of course it is not so simple. Modern agricultural methods are bound to technology and the consumption of ever-increasing amounts of energy. A large proportion of the energy used for tractors, electricity for irrigation, and to produce nitrogen fertilizers and pesticides, is derived from finite fossil sources.

The production of corn is typical of the way energy is used for crop production in the United States. A detailed cost-benefit analysis (Pimental, Hurd, et al., in *Science*, November 2, 1973) reveals the startling fact that, though actual corn yields per acre have increased 138 per cent since 1945, this has been possible by breeding strains increasingly dependent on and responsive to pesticides and nitrogen fertilizers: the result has been an actual *decline*, since 1945, in corn production per unit of energy expended on production. Currently, we are using the equivalent of 80 gallons of gasoline to raise an acre of corn yielding 81 bushels.

Green revolution crops, too, are bred to heavy and sometimes precarious dependence on fuel-based fertilizers and pesticides. Modern agricultural methods increase the fossil fuel input and decrease correspondingly the need for human labor. With population increasing and fuel decreasing, that does not seem the best way to proceed. It would be wiser to use more animal and green manures, crop rotation, breeding for more inherent sturdiness and less dependence on pesticides and chemical fertilizers, and intensifying—in this country at any rate—farm labor at decent pay, through subsidy if necessary. Unless we change direction, the need for fuel for agricultural use alone will not abate but grow in Moloch-like rapacity as current techniques spread and as the world's population increases. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Than Longen Folk to Goon on Pilgrimages

MAINE PILGRIMAGE: The Search for an American Way of Life. *By Richard Saltonstall, Jr. Illustrated by Polly Warren. Little, Brown and Co. 353 pp. $10.*

HELEN YGLESIAS

Conservatism is an ideology rooted in a sense of property, private property, of course, and in this sense Richard Saltonstall's book about Maine is as much the work of a conservative as it is of a conservationist. As such, it raises fundamental questions about the relationship of our country's resources to the sacred ideal of private ownership, as well as questions about the usefulness of the environmentalist approach to the problems that are besetting us on all sides. Conservation was only yesterday, it seems, a ladies' tea party, garden club matter. Today, the earth that conservationists have long been agitating to save is recognized as necessary to our actual survival, as well as our pleasure.

Saltonstall is a former correspondent for *Time*, whose credentials as a humanist might be epitomized by the fact that he wrote the magazine's first cover story on the American Indian. He is a member of a distinguished Massachusetts family, and while he grew up in Boston he has summered in Maine since he was a boy. His book is an account of a three-year investigatory pilgrimage, describing Maine's problems, extolling its beauties, coming up with some solutions, and concluding with his personal commitment to the state through the purchase of a 300-acre mill settlement where he now lives with his family.

So much romanticizing about Maine goes on in print that perhaps it would be just as well to clear the air promptly. In his epilogue, Saltonstall quotes Prof. Donaldson Koons, chairman of Maine's Environmental Improvement Commission:

> Maine is unique in that most of the population—winter and summer—thinks that it owns Maine. Everybody seems to have a proprietary interest in the state. . . .

Though I own 15 acres where I live and work, I have no illusions that I own the state of Maine and would be a fool if I did. Maine is owned and ultimately controlled by the same powerful national interests operating throughout our country—the greatest industrial and technological power in the world.

Elsewhere, Saltonstall speaks for himself in a similar vein:

> . . . even though the state resembled an exploited colony, Maine was a fortunate place. . . . For, having suffered less than other states from industrialization and urbanization, Maine presents opportunities . . . to establish prototypes for living in harmony with industrial and technological progress. . . . The search for solutions to basic environmental problems is only the first challenge. The recapturing of an essential American way of life, where the family is paramount, where a person has control over his own destiny, is the inevitable next step.

Saltonstall loves Maine. He wants to save what he loves about it, as all of us want to save what *we* love about it. With that, Maine's saviors are already in difficulties. A group of Maine citizens gathered at town meeting generally fail to agree on the nature of a given problem, in the first place, before they even approach solutions. Saltonstall's "inevitable next step" is so far from being inevitable that I fear his is another personal flight into privileged withdrawal which so many Maine enthusiasts hold up as a workable alternative to the pressures of other places. Of course it's workable as an individual solution, but to increase the numbers now fleeing to Maine to hundreds of thousands of utopians, translating the individual solution into a social one, is to endanger Saltonstall's values, and he would be among the first to try to halt or regulate the tide.

Saltonstall is expressing a hope which I am strongly with in spirit, but it isn't spirit or hope one must deal with in the state of Maine but a set of realities that won't go away through thinking clean. Saltonstall faces these realities, and reports on the sad economic facts. The real life of the ordinary Maine citizen is missing in this book as the real life of ordinary people is generally missing from written accounts of all sorts, but even in the questions that Saltonstall tackles head-on, there is a straining for positive, optimistic aspects, which however understandable and admirable, is finally false and weakening to any realistic hopes for a future, bright with happiness, for the people of Maine.

Perhaps a discussion of land-use regulation would best illustrate this point. About a dozen private landholders, corporations and a few families, own over half the land in the state of Maine, subject to absolutely no local government controls, and serving a single interest, forest products—that is, pulp and paper. Saltonstall sees the results of this ownership bloc as "both good and bad" for Maine. Good because the unified commitment to forestry has left the land more or less intact, a virtual wilderness, and good again because a growing public and an alerted state government can "concentrate on a small number of landowners" to put into operation "enlightened and prototypal land use solutions." The bad part everybody knows about. "Abusive and indiscreet" wielding of power in the interests of profit on the part of the giant paper companies, Scott, International Paper, Great Northern, St. Regis. Without suggesting any infringement on their holdings, Saltonstall hopes to see their vast kingdom gently eased out from under their dictatorship and placed in the safekeeping of a triumvirate composed of far-sighted corporations, state government and an aroused public. He envisions a huge people's park, so to speak, in which "recreational areas and access roads could best be opened to the public in a way that would preserve the wilderness experience, a sense of mystery and solemnity in the woods." He also sees a gradual withdrawal of the paper interests from the pulp industry into vacation land development, again to be guarded and directed along beneficent lines.

It is about here that the picture becomes muddy. Maine looks upon its forest products industry as economically indispensable to the area—and with justice. Such unbalanced development, solidly entrenched, is very difficult to correct. We know that from the heartbreaking problems encountered by those underdeveloped nations that tried boldly to alter the pattern of their lopsided economies, after securing their political liberation, only to find that economic liberation wasn't so easily achieved. The unbridled power of the paper companies to do harm has enmeshed Maine in

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complicating problems. Saltonstall's emphasis on the recreational use of wilderness land and the clearing of logs and polluting wastes from the rivers, are matters which affect the life of play (and to use that term is not to denigrate the restorative value of woods and wilderness waterways and solitude and silence, or to overlook the enormous money loss to the people of the area in the disappearance of salmon, for example), but it is in their daily work and their weekly pay that a people's real destiny takes shape.

How much "control over his own destiny" may a paper-mill worker exercise, beginning with the noxious odor of the sulfite process pervading the air he breathes, not only at work but at his leisure in his own yard and on the main street of his town after a day or night of literally deafening labor in a mill where heat and noise and smell and physical danger combine in a hell our literature has produced no Zola to describe? Maine's per capita income is one of the lowest in the country, its unemployment rate one of the highest. If a young worker leaves the mill, he must often leave the state to find another job. More than 40 per cent of the young men do so. A longing for a place where "the family is paramount" must take into account the living connection between family and economic stability.

Perhaps it's unfair to indicate the bent of Saltonstall's approach by pointing out that there is no listing in his index for labor, welfare, unemployment, etc., while there are five or more page references under snowmobile. Who doesn't hate snowmobiles and mobile homes? But it is a symptom of the blindness of many environmentalists—an attitude that strikes wage earners who should be their natural allies as one of an unconcerned elite—that they fail to recognize the need of workers for the toys and the retirement homes they can afford.

Saltonstall shares everybody's fear that it is a matter of time before the proposed oil refineries win the right to endanger Maine's coastline. Dismayed by the prospect, yet recognizing Maine's desperate need for new industry to support a working population, Saltonstall suggests alternatives, some good, some merely frivolous. To discuss these in detail isn't possible here—a bare listing must suffice: tidal power (Franklin Roosevelt's project and Buckminster Fuller's Bay of Fundy plan), the development of aquaculture, shipbuilding, public transportation, new directions for the tourist and recreational industries, as well as the advocacy of the "good-life" philosophy of Helen and Scott Nearing and their disciples, the Colemans, along with the general concepts of subsistence living, self-sufficiency, revival of crafts, etc.

But if visions are in order, they need to be bolder. At this point, just to keep Maine as it is, to *conserve* Maine, demands more revolutionary solutions. John Cole, in his weekly *Maine Times*, has suggested that Maine close off its border with New Hampshire and go its own way, building "the model of a new America," but Cole's new America is an older America, and his newspaper is directed more toward holding off, staving off, than it is a leap into new forms of social organization.

It is flighty indeed to speak of new forms of social organization, of revolutionary solutions, without economic and military power to implement them, and there have been no calls heard for guerrilla bands on Mount Katahdin. The militant arm is to be an aroused public, moving as a single body to effect democratic electoral reform, and though that may be a fine figure of speech, it is a severely limited animal. The fate of Salvador Allende and of Chile are a bitter lesson in capitalism's determination to protect its profits. However beneficent, however out-of-this-world the silence of the woods and the brilliance of white water, it is a mistake to forget that the woods are owned and the stream directed by a limb of a powerful world body that reacts vigorously to the slightest tap on its extremities.

In November of 1973, a Maine public power proposal was put to the voters of the state. In addition to Maine's generally dismal economic picture, its householders pay one of the highest electrical power rates in the country. Though the public power proposal was no threat to the existing holdings of Central Maine Power and Bangor Hydro-Electric, it so alarmed the private corporations that a great public relations campaign was mounted to defeat the modest proposal. A citizenry sickened by Watergate (Maine voted for Nixon overwhelmingly), and cynical about governmental concern for its welfare in general, proved receptive to a barrage of TV, radio and newspaper charges of creeping socialism, corrupt bureaucracy, and catch clauses in the bill's fine print. The measure was defeated by popular vote. Central Maine Power promptly followed through by filing for an increase in rates.

And yet this predominantly Republican state elected a liberal Democrat for Governor, Curtis, and sent Muskie and Hathaway to the Senate, where the latter distinguished himself by voting against Ford's confirmation as the discredited Nixon's choice for Vice President. Maine's Republican freshman Congressman, Bill Cohen, has also maintained a careful distance between himself and Nixon Republicanism, and has suffered no loss of confidence at home for his vote in the Judiciary Committee to reject the White House transcripts.

What is to be done about Maine? It really is a last-chance territory, a last opening to the frontier tradition that charged and recharged the nation, hurtling along in a headlong rush that produced our best and worst selves. Are we doomed to repeat that history?

We meet, talk, petition, exhort in a struggle to hold off a tide that advances inexorably. Since 1969, Ellsworth has been changed from a delightful, perfectly useful county seat into the American developed strip: McDonald's, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Holiday Inn, Exxon and its competitors, Cinemas I and II. Dunkin Donuts elbows its way into a street of beautifully proportioned New England houses. If Ellsworth needed development, it was surely not along these lines. But why not? The highway leads to Bar Harbor. One can see *Walking Tall* at Cinema I, *The Exorcist* at Cinema II. The old movie house on Main Street had closed anyway after years of losing money. All the stores on the old Main Street are losing blood. Unbelievably, there was no fresh fish store open this winter in this coastal area. Nor is there any public transportation serving the peninsula on which I live, a spectacular jut of land bounded by Penobscot Bay on the west and Blue Hill Bay on the east. The hills of Camden ring the western view, Mount Desert and Acadia the eastern. There are two exquisite towns on the peninsula, Blue Hill and Castine, and the entire area is virtually unspoiled, a landscape which combines woods, blueberry fields, dazzling shoreline, perfect little townscapes, majestic old barns, modest cemeteries and steepled churches along a road extending by bridge and causeway to Deer Isle and the fishing

THE NIGHT

The night is so
empty, and bright,
filled with thin air
and tiny stars deep
in the distance
that is infinite,
that has no end
like no mind, and yet
here I am, within it,
here, breathing, alive
and thoughtless
as the stars themselves.

Aram Saroyan

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village of Stonington where the town rises on granite levels to a picturesque height above a splendid harbor alive with the paraphernalia of lobstering.

A.A. meetings are held twice a week or more. There is a high incidence of alcoholism—and of mental retardation. (Rural life has its horrors as well as its beauties.) The population doubles, triples, nobody really knows, with summer residents and tourists, and the money earned is mostly taken out of the state.

In discussing the oil threat to Eastport, a once thriving maritime industry town, now dangerously depressed, Saltonstall questions whether "society is obliged to preserve communities that have run out of reasons to exist." The temptation is to write off an area where one's own immediate interests are not endangered. The harsh judgment of historical obsolescence would never be applied by me to my peninsula, nor by Saltonstall to Camden, where he lives, but exhaustion may make pragmatism and concession acceptable if the endangered site is sufficiently distant. Not creeping socialism, but the spreading infection of the Ellsworth strip is destroying the state piecemeal, while waving banners and playful names—Industrial Park, Coastal Mall. Environmentalists, in response, campaign in a similarly piecemeal fashion, winning Searsport from the oil interests, losing a hunk of Baxter Park to the paper industry.

The recent designation of New York City's Central Park as a landscape landmark hints at a possible approach. Why not establish the state of Maine as a landscape preservation and technological development-environmental research area? John Cole, again, has suggested that

> . . . a Washington County Authority should be established to manage a new kind of national park, a patchwork of open space tracts acquired from anybody who wanted to sell his land, decaying town properties and saltwater sections, purchased or protected by easement. Managing and restoring the scattered park holdings might provide several hundred jobs. . . .

And, again, this is a scattered, weak solution. Billions of dollars expended in a planned, statewide effort would surely yield more solid returns to the nation than the billions spent on wars and space exploration. Maine could serve as a living laboratory for the testing of solutions to problems tearing the nation apart. The best minds in all disciplines might be channeled to the study of the possibility of an American way of life with prosperity and without social menace, by which I mean menace to the powerless as well as to the wealthy. The development of vacation coastal and wilderness areas away from the patterns of Miami, Las Vegas and Disney World is only the tip of the problem, as is the call to recapture the past. Is there any likelihood of moving "in harmony with industrial and technological progress" without a planned and concerted effort? Tidal power, mass transportation, the regulation of the tourist industry, aquaculture, even so small an endeavor as the preservation of Maine's greatest architectural heritage, the decaying barns of the no longer working farms—none of these can be attempted without central funding and political power. None of it should be attempted without a strong voice given to the individual Maine citizen. Town meetings are a great American idea, but only if what is said there is listened to.

There are wonderful possibilities. Saltonstall and other new Maine arrivals like myself have turned our backs on cities, after having sopped up the unique energy only an intellectual center supplies, but it is still a major unsolved task to blend into one continuous experience the values of city and rural life. Maine offers this testing ground as well. Bangor, with its former military air base now operating commercially, in theory noses out New York as the best located city on the East Coast, the gateway for air travel to and from Europe. Bangor is in the heart of the paper-producing industry. It is a natural new base of operation for the publishing and book industries, easily as much so as was the South for the relocation of textile and clothing manufacturing. To move this one industry would be to help relieve New York and Boston of some of its pressures and to bring to an area which badly needs it a vivid variety of human beings and human effort.

If every holding now existing in the state is left just as it is, and no private interest small or large goes uncompensated, with the sole exception of an insistence on the fulfilling of environmental safeguards still to be met, Maine is big enough and empty enough to embrace daring experiments in new social configurations. There is room for a new beautiful city on the far side of Bangor beyond the airport, which would leave the present city of Bangor and its inhabitants untouched, and, with proper planning, commercially unharmed. There is talk of a Disney World for Maine, but the expertise poured into that should be applied instead to a city for real living, calling out the nation's talent, as the Columbian Exposition of 1893 combined the gifts of Olmsted, Burnham, St. Gaudens, Richard Morris Hunt, the firm of McKim, Mead and White and the patronage of leading businessmen—Rockefeller, Harriman and Morgan—as well as the interest of an eager public.

Then, as now, the nation was pausing for breath to think about priorities and direction. Then, just as surely as there would be now, there were philosophical and conceptual differences about procedure and about the value of what was produced. Still, such an effort would be stupendous. For this would be a national assignment to build not a showplace, not a one-shot, spotty, pay your admission, in-and-out toy, but to construct, in an area as large as a country, a civilized working, playing, living place for millions of Americans. If we're dreaming of prototypes, man, let's dream. □

Dialogue with Ourselves

STYLE: An Anti-Textbook. *By Richard A. Lanham. Yale University Press. 142 pp. $6.95.*

CHARLES LAM MARKMANN

This is a brilliant little book, and not the less so for being founded on a couple of fundamental errors of assumption. Mr. Lanham, who has taught freshman composition at such diverse places as Dartmouth and the University of California, Los Angeles, says that "America is the only country in the world . . . democratic enough to have the inclination to teach its whole citizenry not merely to write, but to write well." Obviously he has never lived in France. In any event, he himself knocks down this straw thesis throughout his book, along with (at least) the second part of his other mistaken assumption: "No other country has ever considered skill in prose composition essential to good citizenship and has tried to teach this skill to a (*sic*) majority of its citizens." Precisely because verbal—not merely oral—expression in the United States has been allowed, if not encouraged, to become virtually inarticulate—*vide* the Nixon transcripts of "educated" men's talk—this book is important.

Himself a stylist despite an occasional lapse, Lanham spends a good part of his time here rightly deploring the way in which prose composition has been taught in the United States for too many years. The Books, as he calls them, consist essentially of exhortations at once preten-

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tious and mutually contradictory, and the people who teach from them are themselves largely incapable of writing decent prose; moreover, the students quickly learn, if they do not already know, that at best good prose will never be demanded of them in their work, even if they wind up in English Departments, and that it may indeed cost them advancement if they sink into the "social sciences." Or, for that matter, "the media." As for politics. . . .

The author's special target is that ludicrous maxim of several generations of teachers—not only in colleges—and of too many publishers too: "it is the thought that really matters," not its dress; as if they were separable. For, Lanham points out incontrovertibly, and the italics are his, "we *use* words but we don't really *like* them." They are instruments of duty, not things of play. By way of corollary, he examines the fetish of clarity. Like simplicity, Lanham holds, it is not to be achieved merely through plainness, nor by following a set of fossilized rules, whether Assistant Professor Publishorperish's *Handbook of English Composition* or *Words into Type*; or, worse still, by jazzing them up into *The Now Handbook of Revelance*. [Please leave it lay like that.] The thought, Lanham emphasizes, cannot count unless it is organized, and it is not going to be organized until and unless it has been put into the form that suits it best—which may not necessarily be the plainest, but for that very reason may very well prove to be the clearest, the simplest and the most elegant. With bold approval he quotes Oscar Wilde: "How do I know what I think until I hear what I say?"

This is no drawing-room paradox, as anyone whose livelihood depends on thoughts and words knows. "People seldom write simply to be clear," Lanham tells teachers and students alike. "They have designs on their fellow men. Pure prose is as rare as pure virtue, and for the same reasons." Ostensible obscurity, he argues, has its uses: for each man's style is "itself not only an object seen but a way of seeing, both an intermediate 'reality' and a dynamic one. Obviously there can be no single verbal pattern that can be called 'clear.'" The touchstone, for Lanham—whether for me I am less sure—is social, historical and "attitudinal" context. Some of his own contrasts of examples tend to sabotage this thesis: for example, his sound preference in 1974 for the King James Version over the New English Bible. Yet one can make book that no composition teacher or copy editor in the land would have been able to keep his hands off the KJV: both would have been compulsively driven to "style" it.

Having paid some of my dues by attempting to pass on—to a generation brought up on television—literary and other aesthetic values, I am obliged to acknowledge an error and to defer to Lanham, who has elected to go on paying his dues, when he disposes peremptorily of my old, naive notion that the student will write better if he is left to choose his own subject. Nonsense, my former colleague, D.D. Paige, the Pound scholar, used to say, more emphatically, adding: "Set the little bastards a subject." More elegantly, Lanham says the same thing; for, he explains, the natural subject of composition is style and, if Buffon is right and the style is the man, it is also all the man's selves—those that change from day to day, those he wants to be, those he perhaps fears he is. The Books' exhortation, "Be Sincere," Lanham argues, is itself an oversimplification, and a fallacy. "Thus, for prose style, the way to sincerity lies through verbal artifice, not around it. Spontaneity, or sincerity, in the composition course, is largely an affair of manner, not matter."

Which brings us naturally to "Jarg." Every jargon, as Lanham correctly observes, even when he holds out his specimens at arm's length, is an effort toward a style, whether pompous, obfuscatory, exclusive, amusing, even poetic. The prime disadvantage of most jargons, as he also notes, is the poverty of their vocabularies, so that they work best in speech, where changes in tone and pitch become disproportionately significant (an observation that may explain the difference in communicativeness betweeen written and spoken German, in which every word has so many jobs to do because the language is so poor in words). Since, however, the American language has no normative style, the author argues rather convincingly that it ought to make the most of the national eclecticism: "We should be able to make sense of—ideally to relish—any style, especially those which surround us." In this context he has been dealing with "hip talk," the contributions of which, one would think, may legitimately be questioned. Nonetheless, one must join his assault on the delusion that style is only for the closet and "not for—and part of—everyday life."

The underlying theme throughout this valuable little book is what might be called the pleasure principle. Clarity may well depend finally, Lanham suggests, on pleasure. The student—which in the end means everyone—must learn to read aloud, if only in his mind, but better still in class: how else, the author asks, will he learn the rhythms of language? (My friend Mr. Paige himself starts the reading, solo, for, he says, "one cannot be a good teacher unless one is also largely

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THE LETTERS

It is night for the last time.
For the last time your hands
Gather on my body.

Tomorrow it will be autumn.
We will sit together on the balcony
Watching the dry leaves drift over the village
Like the letters we will burn
One by one in our separate houses.

Such a quiet night.
Only your voice murmuring
You're wet, you want to
And the child
Sleeps as though he were not born.

In the morning it will be autumn.
We will walk together in the small garden
Among stone benches and the shrubs
Still sheeted in mist
Like furniture left for a long time.

Look how the leaves drift in the darkness.
We have burned away
All that was written on them.

Louise Glück

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ham," and by example he has brought along to articulate speech many victims of Connecticut's school system.) One has only to observe the verbal skills (jarg.) of the child who has been read to as long as he was illiterate, and then encouraged to read aloud to his parents and their patient friends long before the schools have got their narcotic needle into him.

Where Lanham goes farthest astray is in his roseate view of his society. I have cited his comforting, if fallacious, notions about its concern with teaching everyone to write and speak well. Toward the end of his book, pleading once more, as he has been properly doing all along, for the development of aristocratic taste, he says that "we certainly possess the only begetter of aristocratic taste—moneyed leisure." Two more false assumptions, I fear. How many of "us" really have moneyed leisure, first of all? And to what extent can one be certain that it is the only begetter, etc.? One recalls the countless men and women of real moneyed leisure, lifelong, whom one has known and whose taste is more than gratified by tabloids and television—as one remembers the more countable ones who, though scrabbling for a livelihood almost from puberty, if not earlier, have developed taste. How magic is money? One has only to look round all the identically vulgarizing wealthy cities of the Western world, to say nothing of the prosperous ones under the claimed patronage of K. Marx: or to read what sells best, everywhere.

Mr. Lanham is similarly fuzzed when he confuses style with socialization. Is it really "a paradigm for a social *role*, an identity"? An identity, certainly, as anyone with any pretensions to a style must grant; but are identity and social *role* so closely related? One wonders. Lanham is on much sounder ground when he considers style in and of and for itself and oneself. "Stylistic awareness . . . makes possible dialogue with ourselves," he says; and "we entertain concepts because concepts entertain us." Style is indeed the mask that Schopenhauer said it is, and the study of it is the "intrinsically satirical . . . pursuit" that Richard Lanham says it is.

Because it is a critically comic activity, it can indeed be another mode of play. And here, rightly, Lanham comes upon the answer to the question that has always nagged hardest at the composition teacher: motive. One can best conclude with his conclusion: that we might do best to assume that "the deepest motive for writing is not communication at all but the pleasures of writing for its own sake. Writing to others is writing for ourselves. Clarity in communication may be less the cause of our pleasure in prose than the result." □

After the Age of Clausewitz

THE DISCOVERY OF PEACE. *By R. V. Sampson. Pantheon Books. 205 pp. $6.95.*

NORRIS MERCHANT

Ironically, Prof. R.V. Sampson's late-found pacifism (he was a willing participant in World War II) originated as a result of the same conflict that bodes ill for the pacifist sentiment in much of the rest of humanity—the Arab-Israeli struggle. For it was on the occasion of the Anglo-French attack on Egypt, in 1956, that Professor Sampson, who had until then accepted the thesis of the moral superiority of Western democracy, lost his faith. Since then he has evolved a relatively consistent pacifist approach, now expounded in *The Discovery of Peace*—a point of view vitiated by its own sense of moral superiority.

This is not to imply that virtue should or even *can* conceal its genuine merits, but exceptional delicacy may reasonably be demanded of those who espouse universal love as a practical alternative to war. Sampson is scornful of practically all the institutions and leaders of our history, and scarcely communicates the warmth that would be essential in the attempt to achieve harmony and reconciliation among men and nations. His disdain is often so dogmatic, so trained upon presumed manifestations of an omnipresent "will-to-power," that one sometimes suspects this attitude of being a special, if subtilized, instance of its activity.

Following upon his awakening after the Suez debacle, Sampson committed himself to research on the causes of war. That admirable undertaking has now culminated in a brisk investigation whose moral setting, like its military one, remains narrowly 19th century; it is pre-industrial and pre-cybernetic war that here finds its echo in pre-existential moralizing. The typical figures of its moral universe are Napoleon and Clausewitz on the one side of the ethical barricades, and the equally militant Tolstoy on the other. The line of defense protecting good from evil is regarded as being very nearly impregnable; the forces of light are marshaled for a decisive encounter. Strategy assumes, among both hosts, the operatic sweep of its Clausewitzian staging. It is "either-or," a battle to the death, and can we doubt, given the absolute correctness of "our" position, that we shall succeed in driving the soldiers of "power" from the field?

To accomplish this rout, Sampson has used four writers who, in their reflections on war and power, seem to have influenced Tolstoy the most—Joseph de Maistre, Alexander Herzen, Stendhal and Proudhon. Each is examined strictly from the point of view of the Tolstoyan apotheosis. And Sampson has added an account of Tolstoy's own views, based almost solely on *War and Peace*. By these means, the author achieves the tactical success of justifying his conviction, stated at the very beginning of his treatise, that the only alternative to war is the Gospel of "Resist not evil." That doctrine, taken up by individuals, will accomplish the dismemberment of armies, of states, and indeed of the political structure of our civilization.

In a study centered so pivotally on the Napoleonic epoch and, indeed, on the campaigns of 1812, it is natural that much of the discourse is drawn from the French Revolutionary setting. A vocabulary of cleavage arose in that time of bitter arraignments, and Sampson does admit—at least with regard to the designs of his moral antagonists—that they sprang from nationalist zeal, the zeal of the nation as crusader. That creed produced the first mass conscription army, and led its soldiers forth to act as liberators of the remainder of Europe. However, the ugliest of its battlefield sacrifices, reported in *War and Peace*, was still only Borodino—not Verdun, and not Hiroshima. The American Civil War, generating technical advances noted by Marx and Engels from afar, and by visiting Prussian military observers, had not yet made its contribution—nor had the ideological frontiers been so fully equipped with weapons directed against entire classes and races. Revolutionaries had not yet developed the heavy artillery of the class struggle, nor had their capitalist adversaries discovered the "Red menace." Bakunin was yet to call for the wholesale scrapping of the institutions of society—and have only a few assassins take him at his word; and indeed the older Tolstoy had not yet contrasted the decadent appeal of Beethoven or Raphael with the wholesomeness of a pair of boots. The

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Great War and worse 20th-century disasters still lay in the future. Sampson, in the texture of argument and in his prescriptions, tends more to perpetuate than to replace this Manichean series. His ethical universe is still a battlefield of tonic vilification, demanding sweeping victories, just as Clausewitz, tutored by Napoleon, was to require of "military science" annihilating strikes in open warfare.

Despite his tactical victories, then, Sampson seems to have lost his war against war. He will doubtless convince those who are already like-minded—and perhaps those who are wistfully violent against violence. But while Saul has his thousands, David has his tens of thousands. Sampson became persuaded, in the earlier days of the Middle East crisis, of the futility of such contests and that they must be ended. The fundamentalist Hal Lindsey, on the other hand, inspired by the same Gospel that Sampson presents as a pacifist *vade mecum*, has observed in that very Mideast clash the stirrings of a providential holocaust. His *Last Great Planet Earth*, reported to be running to sales of 5 million, finds chilling vindication in the Gospel's wrathful judgments and predictions (wars and rumors of war, brother against brother, "not peace but a sword," and—more to Mr. Lindsey's purpose—"great tribulation, such as has not occurred since the beginning of the world") of an allegedly fated war, to be initiated in the Mideast, and bringing among its many terrible results the obliteration of the Soviet Union. (How rival causes can use the same religious texts for such opposite purposes must remain the problem for a wider psychology of war than any these books have yet broached.)

This is not to say that Lindsey's projections may be put down as somehow the equal of Sampson's in concern or intelligence. Their complacently sadistic metaphysics preclude that. But they do point up the religious pacifist's failure to reckon with a spiritual tradition that has always borne within itself, eschatologically, an alleged world mandate—indeed, practically all the crisis-fomenting ideologies of the 20th century have been developed in inspiration from, or in reaction to, its vision. Even more important, Sampson has failed to develop those broadened powers of imaginative identification by means of which sage and soldier, primitive and sophisticate, history's flukes and modest successes too, can somehow be reconciled in the creation of more durable, more encompassing institutions. The ascetic of power would seem to err about "structures," in a way similar to the ascetic of sex in his scoring of the senses. What is perhaps wanted is not a flight from power, but the increased opportunity for its creative maximalization—in art, in science, in speculative thought, and ultimately in the seeding of a richer, more diversified planetary nation. □

RECOVERY

It is given back.
In the shape of water
and the promise blood makes
as it thaws.

I shop for its names.
The green answer, organic
risk, timothy grass.
They are old as coats, less
than a hem in passing.

I do know this.
That it lives
in the space Yeats left
for the rose-breath to fill,
a forgotten pocket
that still holds light.

And this too. That I
am dying for love of it
and am not alone.
That its eyes shine
by grace and pale
upon approach, that it cannot
be pinned to velvet
or kept under glass.

It is Coventry rebuilt,
a voice from the opposite
cliff, inhabitation
by a quality of air.

And we do not
deserve it, who have loved
in weakness all
but the weak (for their eyes
were ours) and passed
it time over time
in an ambush of rags.

But today it forgets
to care! Call it joy,
the infant, and my tongue
breaking to say it.

Carol Baker Hansen

MUSIC / Richard Dyer

The Rug program at the Philharmonic spelled out what the eye had already taken in—there was new "spacial conception [*sic*], audience configuration and lighting by Peter Wexler." Wexler had displaced the orchestra from the stage into the area usually occupied by its wealthiest ticket holders, suspended a tepee-like acoustical shell from the ceiling, removed all seats from the ground level, put down crimson Acrilan carpeting, and, at intermission, dyed the crowd that squatted around the orchestra area with splotches of green and blue and pink light.

Gimmicks, yes, but the "spacial conception" and the informality of dress the "audience configuration" required altered the usual relationship between performers and public; the Rug Concerts turned out to be Community Concerts. "This is the week that M. Boulez smiles," David Hamilton was saying to me when we were interrupted by our chance rug-mate, a woman who looked like Mary Martin. What she said was one reason why that man was smiling: she "just loved" the music of Boulez, had "all" of his recordings—and she meant it.

The crowd was enthusiastic about everything, the standard works that opened the program (Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto, Schubert's Second Symphony in energetic, clear performances with humanizing bits of sloppiness in the actual playing); the Webern and Stravinsky works that came later. But the standing ovation, the multiple recalls, came after Boulez's "Improvisations on Mallarmé," I and II—the first works of his own that Boulez had conducted at the Philharmonic.

The Improvisations come from a longer work, *Pli Selon Pli*—a "musical portrait" of Mallarmé. The title comes from a poem that describes the dissolving mist, fold by fold revealing the stones of the town of Bruges. "Mist" is an odd description of this piece, though, full as it is of edges and the glint of jeweled faces, light-catching and self-reflecting. The Improvisations are "settings"—but that isn't really the right word—of two poems of Mallarmé's, "*Le vierge, le vivace et le bel aujourd'hui*" and "*Une dentelle s'abolit*." The wide-ranging vocal line and Boulez's tendency to set each word in isolation, the voice becoming another strand in the metallic mesh of tuned percussion in the orchestra, make it very difficult to "follow" the text. Boulez takes for granted that "the direct sense of the poem has been acquired by reading it"—he transmutes it, gathering it up into

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another artifice, a different fusion of sound and meaning. Phyllis Bryn-Julson was the remarkable soloist, singing with instrumental precision and human warmth—a lighter, more fluent reading than the one by Halina Lukomska on the Columbia recording (M 30296).

The whole week of Rug Concerts, like the Mostly Mozart Festivals of the last few years, dispelled the old assumption of publicists, managers and program makers that all anyone wants to hear between the purging ritual of Eastertide *Parsifal* and the opening of the fall season is the *1812 Overture*, the *New World Symphony*, and Boston Pops-style arrangements of the more tuneful among the top forty—the sort of programming that turns the orchestra into a classy sort of jukebox.

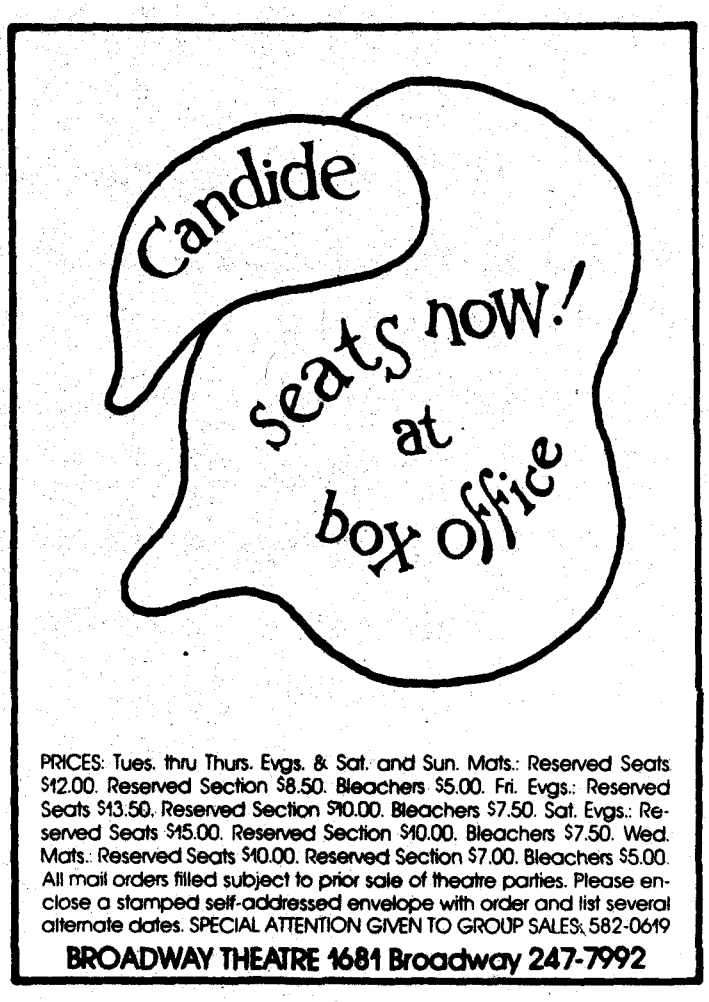
Even the Metropolitan Opera is realizing that its public doesn't suspend its aesthetic needs once the regular season is over (though the management does count on its suspending those needs several times in the course of any given evening), so the "festival" schedule of *Carmen*, *Madama Butterfly*, etc., was varied this year by a "novelty" double bill of Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi* and Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle*. Until now the Bartók had been on that distinguished list of important 20th-century operas that have not been heard at the Metropolitan; *Schicchi* had its première there back in 1918, the year of the Budapest première of *Bluebeard*.

It was good to hear *Bluebeard* at the Metropolitan, but about all you could say for the performance is that the orchestra played well for conductor Sixten Ehrling, sober and just. It was hard to hear Shirley Verrett's and David Ward's words for the simple reason that it was hard to hear them, and what we saw did very little to clarify matters. In an interview in *Opera News* director Bodo Igesz assured us that the opera "is not about Bluebeard or a castle or about seven doors. . . . It is the story of Everyman, about the impossibility of trying to have a relationship and about the discovery of what man is." You could tell that Igesz's interpretation was psychological and political because there was all that singing about unlocking the seven doors in Bluebeard's castle and finding beyond them a torture chamber, an armory, a treasure house, a garden, Bluebeard's domain, a lake of tears—all stained by blood; but there were no keys, no doors to open, no blood, only projections of tanks and bombed cities and faceless crowds and jungle foliage and an astronaut's-eye view of the earth. And neither Bluebeard nor his new bride could see them because they were projected behind that part of the stage where they circled one another for an hour. The projections, by David Reppa, attempted "relevance"; what they did by making the symbolic specific was simply to shear off most of the relevant resonances that Bartók and his librettist Bela Balasz wrote into the opera.

Schicchi, on the other hand, had a satisfying look. Reppa's design was realistic and provided interesting playing areas; Fabrizio Melano, the director, had his cast see Pasolini's *Decameron* film, and the action had a lot of that flies-around-the-slop-pail realism and humor. But apart from the leather-voiced, well-routined Schicchi of Frank Guarrera, a winning small-toned Lauretta by Judith Blegen, and some isolated notes from Betsy Norden and Edmund Karlsrud in tiny roles, the singing was just awful. Apparently the management assumes that voices that are unacceptable in large solo roles will get by in an ensemble piece like *Schicchi*; that assumption is wrong. Most of the publicity about the double bill centered around the fact that the "home team" was being used. A good idea, but the home team has got to do better than this.

A few words about the Met season just ended, the second under general manager Schuyler Chapin. Morale reportedly remains higher than it did in the last years of the Bing regime and that is confirmed by what happens at performances. There has been significant musical improvement in one key area—when it exerts itself, the chorus is unrecognizable as the sloppy outfit of just a couple of years ago, and the new chorus master, David Stivender, has his singers exerting themselves more consistently than at any time I can remember. There have been enterprising extensions of the repertory (*Les Troyens*, *I Vespri Siciliani*, *L'Italiana in Algeri*). There have been a few great occasions (the single Nilsson-Vickers *Tristan*), some admirable "house" performances (*Die Zauberflöte*, *Simon Boccanegra*, some of the *Traviatas*), some worthy debutants (Kiri Te Kanawa, John Nelson, Maralin Niska, Brigitte Fassbaender, Kenneth Riegel, Benita Valente), some young artists making progress (Frederica von Stade, Judith Blegen, Rita Hunter), some major stars doing their thing (Joan Sutherland and Placido Domingo in *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, Marilyn Horne in *L'Italiana in Algeri*, Luciano Pavarotti in *L'Elisir d'Amore*).

But night by night, the Metropolitan



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Opera is not a very satisfying place to be. The conducting staff still needs strengthening—too many performances were conducted by people like Gabor Otvös, Leif Segerstam, Serge Baudo, none of them an improvement over the Nino Verchis, Nello Santis, and Bruno Amaduccis of yesteryear; something is amiss when Erich Leinsdorf can be publicized as a glamorous guest. Some of the productions look seedy; some of them look cheap; entirely too many episodes in the staging show inadequate rehearsal and conceptions not based in intelligent study of the text and music.

What the public complains of, though, is the level of singing: though the aestheticians of opera, its composers, librettists and critics have always talked about it as a composite art, audiences usually wind up singling out the spectacular performance of the individual. And audiences can do little else when the individual is regularly surrounded by inferior or ill-matched colleagues—Leontyne Price's large-scale Butterfly was partnered by light-voiced Stuart Burrows, huffing and puffing to keep up, while the lyric Butterflys of Dorothy Kirsten and Teresa Zylis-Gara were shouted at by Sandor Konya, making like Manrico; no Butterfly had an adequate Sharpless. There are a few reliable *comprimario* singers—the veteran Paul Franke, the younger Robert Goodloe—but the singing in minor roles is variable, often quite poor. Worse, bad singers regularly appear in major roles. That is excusable in an emergency (they don't make many like Joan Sutherland, and when she cancels you have a problem on your hands), but it is intolerable on a night-to-night basis. The stage of the Metropolitan Opera is no place to earn as you learn, especially before a public which must pay nearly $40 for a pair of the best tickets; that kind of outlay at the box office also makes most of us less sentimental about guttering stars.

None of this, of course, is new; the situation is not likely to get better, despite the number of promising young singers on the roster (is it too cynical to point out that among the most promising young singers on the roster ten years ago were Gianna d'Angelo, Anna Moffo, Teresa Stratas, Helen Vanni, Richard Verreau, Flaviano Labo, Bruno Prevedi?) These are days of rising costs and a dwindling supply of major singers, of a lengthening season and foreshortened careers, of unforeseen illness and monstrous scheduling difficulties, of unreconciled egos, of union regulations that demonstrate that unarguable human needs are not always going to mesh with unarguable artistic demands, of a public that responds to the trendy while resisting innovation. If you think things are better at La Scala, the Vienna State Opera or Covent Garden, you are wrong.

In a season that, like too many of its performances, oscillated between the praiseworthy and the damnable, the disturbing and confusing news was the resignation of Raphael Kubelik as music director. He must have gone through the difficulties with a sense of *déjà vu*, for trouble with colleagues and press had led to his earlier resignations from the Chicago Symphony and Covent Garden. In both earlier cases he has emerged as some kind of hero—his records with the Chicago Symphony have recently been reissued as a "Kubelik Legacy"; his return to Covent Garden to conduct *Jenufa* was a triumph.

A lot of ugly talk about Kubelik's administrative inadequacy got into the press, though not some of the other kinds of story—his refusal to permit an artist unequal to the role to appear as Otello, for example. Even his widely ridiculed suggestion that *Tosca* be substituted for *Tristan*, during the period when it appeared that none of the half-dozen ladies in the world who can get through the role of Isolde would be available, strikes me as simple good sense: better a decent *Tosca* than a bad *Tristan*. At the press conference following the dress rehearsal of *Les Troyens* it was warming to hear Kubelik talk about Vergil and about the humanistic importance of reviving this opera, while Mr. Chapin talked about how much the production had cost and Mr. Merrill, the stage director, boasted how the horsey movies of the Royal Hunt and Storm were bringing the Metropolitan into the 20th century.

We will probably never know what kind of administrator Kubelik was—not even when the parties involved get round to writing their memoirs. What seems to me undebatable was an unwarranted and influential hostility in the press. Even at that *Troyens* dress rehearsal, one of the *Times* critics (not the one who reviewed the première) shouldered his way past me at the first intermission announcing that "Kubelik has definite gifts for lyricism, but none for drama"—an overstatement of the exact opposite of the facts, though no minds other than those of music critics ever think in such obvious terms as "lyricism" vs. "drama." By the last performance of the season the *Times* was dismissing Kubelik's work as "rubbery." But much of Kubelik's conducting of the four-and-a-half hour opera was distinguished, and even the worst of it was very considerably better than what Baudo and Otvös and Segerstam were doing on adjacent nights without arousing much comment. At *Die Götterdämmerung* a lot of the orchestral playing was heedless, but what Kubelik clearly wanted to do was spacious and noble.

The news stories about Kubelik were comparably hostile in tone—permitting Leinsdorf, for example, to comment fully and nastily about absentee artistic direction, without pointing out that it had been known from the beginning that previous commitments would keep Kubelik away from the Metropolitan during part of each of his first several seasons.

Kubelik himself attributed his resignation to the continuing financial difficulties of the company—difficulties

THE DREAM OF GEESE

The geese are leaving us
to ourselves.
I watch from the cliff
as they flow
like branches of a great river,

speaking their tongues.

A stone to their going,
my axe leans against the wind
and waits for the words to die down
before the blade descends again
to the cedars and pines
whose secrets
will rise into
smoke.

In the dream of geese
the hands of the wind
lift the dying world,
lift it
like what remains of birds
fallen
on the roads of some foreign land,

broken wings remembering sky.

I will tell you,
little one,
after,
when you have learned the words
in some other autumn,
that all the geese left
was the dream.

I will say it is a dream I have often.

And I will take it back,
and laugh,
and tell you it is only a story
so that you will fall asleep in my arms
and carry me with you
to the tops of hills
to wait for their return.

H.R. Kent

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which made it impossible for him, he said, to implement his artistic aims. I hope that isn't true. The Metropolitan's broadcasts, program booklets and publications insist on the continuing and growing need for money, though this publicity puts little emphasis on the uses to which the money is put. Kubelik's personality and methods may indeed have lain athwart what was needed, but one of his beliefs is important and the evidence suggests that it is not widely held around the theatre—the belief that the Metropolitan Opera is a cultural institution (and, thanks to the Texaco-sponsored broadcasts, our only surviving national musical institution) and not simply an athletic field. □

DANCE / Nancy Goldner

Prescript: This review was written before the announcement of Mikhail Barichnikov's defection on June 29. The Russian dancer had never danced in the Western Hemisphere before his appearance in Canada and it was impossible to know then when, or if, he would ever dance here again. I had ended this review with a few words on the poignancy of the situation as well as the thrill of watching him dance. Now, of course, he is no longer the rare bird he was, but the beauty of his dancing still holds. Whatever one may feel about the business of defection and its ramifications for his former company, the Kirov, the West is lucky to have Barichnikov on hand.

Mikhail Barichnikov is a mere 24-year-old of Leningrad's Kirov Ballet whose appearances in the West have been scattered and few, but the reports that have trickled back from Leningrad and London turned him into a legend. In late June and July Barichnikov toured Canada with a group of Soviet dancers officially labeled from the Bolshoi but actually drawn from several companies. I watched him perform in Montreal on the afternoon and evening of June 22, and now that I have seen this reputedly phenomenal dancer, he is a legend no more but a phenomenon no less. Barichnikov is both a supreme acrobat and a supreme classical dancer. Whereas even the greatest male dancers usually must sacrifice a sliver of virtuosity to manner of execution, Barichnikov need not bother himself with options—he jumps higher than anyone I have ever seen, and he jumps as correctly as anyone I have ever seen. From physical appearance one would never guess that he could get off the ground at all, for his thighs, overdeveloped by any standard, look massive on his short frame—a classic case, one might surmise, of bad training. Only after he has done his first jump does one remember that Nijinsky too looked muscle-bound. As I watched Barichnikov I wondered if part of the Nijinsky spell might not have been the shock of his lightness, and if part of Barichnikov's spell was not the compulsion to make a half-imagined, half-legitimate connection to a myth. The connection arises not only because of the similarity in muscle formation but because of the sense of intense physicality that Nijinsky apparently commanded and that Barichnikov commanded before my eyes.

Unlike Nijinsky and other great dancers, Barichnikov's physicality is not spiritual or, in modern parlance, a matter of laser-beam concentration. Nor is he part man, part animal. At least, this is the only conclusion to be drawn from the Montreal performances, which in their variety-show format were designed to let you know as little as possible about the dancers. Barichnikov's physicality is purely physical, and in his case that's good enough. His special presence derives from clarity of movement. You see him going up. You see him in the air. You see him coming down. You see him land. Footwork done in the air, such as a complicated step in which he curled his back leg in toward the knee and then extended it forward high, high in *developpé*, was done with the meticulousness and controlled timing of a terrestrial adagio movement. Likewise, one could easily count how many times his legs beat together in the air and trace his flight in some of the more extravagant (and flabbergasting) loop-the-loops. Because Barichnikov is the only dancer I have seen who has as much mastery over his body in the air as he does while on the ground, his jumps create an effect of slow motion. Since he also jumps so high he has more time to dance while up in the air, but the difference between his and others' air time is really inconsequential. His achievement is aerial articulation, and he seemed to be moving in slow motion only because other men are relatively blurry. In fact, slow-motion effects and other such distortions are precisely what his dancing is not about. The beauty and wonder of his jumps are their visual, kinetic and temporal truthfulness. They reveal the process of jumping. Barichnikov does not conquer space; he lives in it for a little while, and he never lets you forget that it's a real human being up there, not an astronaut or a bird.

To have opened up another sphere of activity, quite literally, is accomplishment enough, although it would have been wonderful to have seen Barichnikov properly framed. The repertory presented by the bogus company was a hash of divertissement and complete acts from *Don Quixote, Swan Lake,* and *Giselle* so horribly lighted, designed and costumed that they too became amputees. At the performances I saw Barichnikov got the *Don Quixote* and *Nutcracker pas de deux* slots. His partner in the *Nutcracker* was a fellow star from the Kirov, Irina Kolpakova, a steely porcelain doll who probably would have been more impressive had she not been dancing with an injured knee. In *Don Quixote* he partnered the indestructible *Hausfrau* Raissa Struchkova. Except for Nikolai Fadeyechev, whose elegance is even more prominent than his butterball figure, the soloists were either feeble or chest-thumpers. Generally speaking the ensemble looked as though it had been hauled out of a retirement farm for a last fling. The selection of divertissement bore little relation to what was printed in the program, and no one from backstage felt compelled to tell the audience who and what it was watching. How the Soviet Government could let such a motley mess tour Canada and how the Bolshoi could lend its name to such inadequate dancers is beyond imagination. And how Barichnikov got involved with the tour boggles the imagination, but for this crazy happening one is only grateful. □

MOVING INTO WINTER

A man stands
on the ditch bank
mouthing the wind.

Lips swollen with the passage of the moon,
the tongue an old woman
propped in her foggy window
wishing only to die.

And his eyes,
hard green olives
smeared with dust of summer,
full of the year's acid.

Each night as darkness
comes up through the fields
he slips into a harness of stars.

I dream of him
in a storm I will drive through,
whipping the clouds
to keep them moving, moving into winter.

Greg Pape

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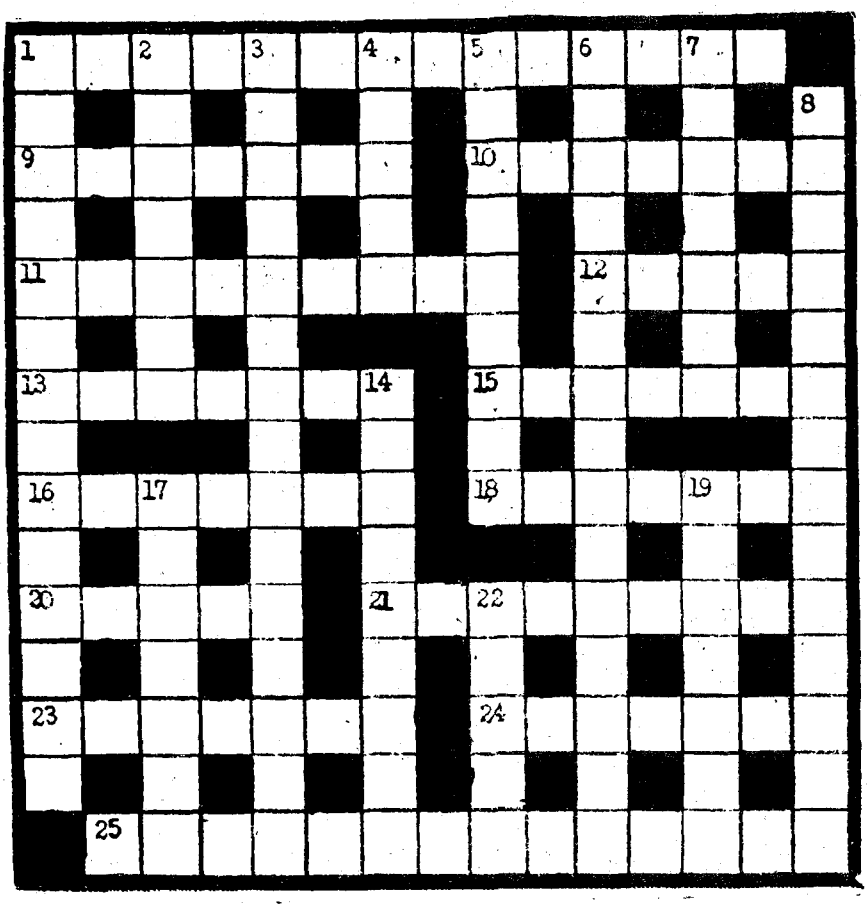
Crossword Puzzle No. 1546

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Fire escape? (4,3,3,4)
9 A little bit of rum? One toddles! (4,3)
10 A sort of crime with a country example. (7)
11 In the manner of the rest? (9)
12 Turns over money here, perhaps. (5)
13 The case has to be solved, as one passes on the know-how. (7)
15 Raises a variety of tulips, if one is thrown away, however. (5,2)
16 Yet one could be particularly military! (7)
18 Lose some, as they might say to follow, pretty much like this. (7)
20 The wrong groove to get in, for a city. (5)
21 Too, too! (9)
23 Removing evidence of anger is wrong. (7)
24 What one does to horses? One should make them hot! (7)
25 What one has to do to keep the conversion light? (5,4,5)

DOWN

1 Congenial gleaners might so meet. (6,8)
2 Saves an English heroine, being all broken up. (7)
3 So one doesn't even place how one gets the measure of flow! (3,2,3,7)
4 The next old gag you use should be filled with praise. (5)
5 It might be stunning to have more than a stiff breeze. (5,4)
6 One might live by it, but perhaps the town was so, before being ruined. (5,2,4,4)
7 Cold drops might come from them. (7)
8 'Teen press show-off under them? (5,9)
14 Egg, if broken, in solo composition? (9)
17 How you can tell a ranter's twist. (7)
19 A famous actor—one appearing in *Cromwell*, for example. (7)
22 A number taking pain to hide? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1545

ACROSS: 1 and 6 From time to time; 10 Raffles; 11 Caramel; 12 Tack; 13 Comic strip; 15 Marbled; 16 Residue; 17 Rawhide; 20 Sheriff; 22 Street Arab; 23 Seth; 25 In a mess; 26 Diaries; 27 Nuts; 28 Escutcheon. DOWN: 1 First impression; 3 Tell; 4 Mastoid; 5 Tackier; 7 Immured; 8 Eclipse of the sun; 9 Irish stew; 14 Altimeter; 18 and 2 Warrant officer; 19 Elapses; 20 Spandau; 21 Itemize; 24 Laic.

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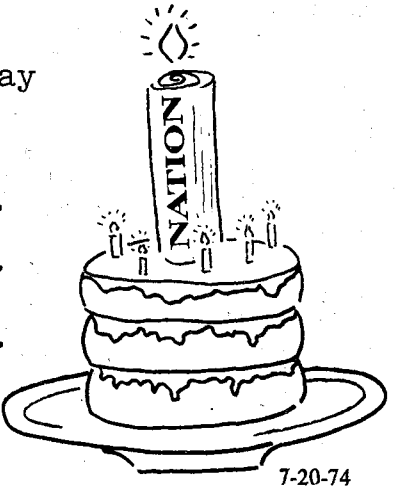

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